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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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AFTER A PERIOD of indecision, due in part to Laval's precarious position at home, there is every indication that the League Sanctions Committee at its meeting on December 12 will add oil, coal, steel, and possibly copper to the list of embargoed commodities. As the weeks pass, the importance of oil as an essential war material becomes increasingly evident. Despite recent heavy purchases, it is estimated that Italy's existing petroleum reserves could not last more than six months. With the assurance of ample fuel supplies Italy might be able to hold out against the present sanctions for at least a year; without oil or coal both its war and its regular domestic industries would be hopelessly crippled in a few months. Faced with almost certain defeat if such an embargo is imposed and enforced, Mussolini has again issued a warning that sanctions mean war. His threat has provoked France into giving long-delayed assurance to Britain of full French support in case the British fleet is attacked in the Mediterranean. In all likelihood, however, Il Duce is bluffing when he talks of war. Certainly there have been no developments in his African campaign which would encourage him to believe that he could defeat one of the great powers, to say nothing of France and England combined. Already Italy is beginning to feel the strain of sanctions, and every day that they are enforced makes it more difficult for Mussolini to launch a first-class war.

MEANWHILE, the newspapers continue to be filled with rumors of an impending "deal." That informal negotiations looking toward a settlement are constantly being held is beyond question. It is also undeniable that some day these negotiations will bear fruit. But at present the various parties appear to be as far apart as they were three months ago. The Italians, it is true, may have weakened slightly as a result of their recent defeats in Ethiopia, particularly since there is every chance that more crippling sanctions will yet be imposed. France, if anything, has become a little less patient with Mussolini's ambition for empire. Britain has attempted to steer a difficult course in supporting strict measures against Italy and at the same time leaving the door open for a compromise. Thus far there has been no indication of the predicted change in the National Government's policy after the election. It is significant, however, that despite its firm stand on sanctions Britain has made no move to obtain League approval of the one measure which would stop Italian aggression in Ethiopia—the closing of the Suez Canal.

THE PRESIDENT has assured us once more that prosperity has returned and that the peak of federal appropriations has passed. Bearing out his first assertion we have the fact that November dividends were the highest for five years. Confirming the second is the announcement that federal relief has been suspended in the last twenty-two states. Of the five and a quarter million persons on relief last winter, two million and a half have been given work by the WPA, and nearly a million have been reabsorbed into normal employment. The remainder—dubbed "unemployable" by the Administration—are to be taken care of by the local communities. What this actually means may be surmised from an investigation recently conducted by the FERA into cases dropped by local authorities for "administrative reasons." The living conditions of thirty-five families, selected at random, of which the head was listed as unemployable were found to be "extremely unsatisfactory." Five families reported that they had received no cash income for a month. Eighteen others had monthly incomes of less than $6. A number of persons were discovered to be ill in bed, and many of the individuals interviewed declared that their time was largely taken up with the search for food from garbage cans and refuse heaps. The employables who were removed from the rolls at the same time were found to be in somewhat better condition, though many reported themselves entirely dependent on friends and relatives. This study, it so happens, was made in the city of Atlanta. We trust that the individuals whose plight was revealed by it found time to listen to the President when at the local "homecoming" celebration he spoke of the "swelling prosperity of the spirit that spells . . . a deeper happiness for our fellow-men."

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THE EIGHTEEN FAMILIES referred to as subsisting on $6 a month probably have a good deal of time for reading, and no doubt they have been edified by the recent tabulations of Paris designers regarding the ten best-dressed women in the world. A certain Lady Mendl was ranked first, and it was explained that to be the best-dressed woman in the world required an annual expenditure of about $40,000. Lady Mendl hastened to disclaim any such extravagance. A mere $10,000 or $15,000 kept her from nakedness, she explained, owing to the fact that "I am cautious and conservative as to dress and frequently have gowns and wraps I like for quite a long time." An unfortunately high blood pressure keeps us from adequately expressing our pleasure in living in a world which can support circuses like Lady Mendl while even eighteen families—and we have a sneaking suspicion that there may be more—have $6 a month to spend on bread.

ONCE MORE HITLER has sought to delude the world by coming back to his old theme that he has saved civilization from bolshevism. This presumes that the mentality of the rest of the world is as childish and dishonest as his own. Going farther, he declares that his fight against the Jews is wholly to be explained by this war upon bolshevism: "The necessity of combating bolshevism is one of the fundamental reasons for Jewish legislation in Germany. This legislation is not anti-Jewish but is pro-German. Through these laws the rights of the Germans shall be protected against destructive Jewish influences." Then he declares that Germany is separated from Soviet Russia "by only a few miles"; hence the Reich must be defended "against the activities of these chiefly Jewish agents of bolshevism." Of course there never was a time in Russia when Jewish leaders were numerically or actually predominant. It is also open to question whether Hitler has not lied again in declaring that the chief German Communist agitators were Jews. But anything goes with Hitler when he is trying to excuse his abominably cruel and fanatical anti-Semitic persecution. Surely there are very few persons left, outside of the most reactionary circles in England and the United States, so gullible as to swallow this monstrous misrepresentation. His additional announcement that he will combat "propaganda with propaganda, terror with terror, and violence with violence" gives the lie to his own repeated assertions that all hostility to his government has been crushed in Germany.

THE RESIGNATION of George N. Peek as president of the Export-Import Bank marks the end of his efforts to commit the Administration to his muddled views on trade policy. In certain respects Mr. Peek's program appeared consistent with the modern trend of economic development. He was opposed to laissez faire and would have extended the principle of control into the field of international trade. This he wished to do through the establishment of a Foreign Trade Authority—a position to which he personally aspired—and the conclusion of bilateral agreements the advantages of which would not be extended to other countries under the most-favored-nation clause. At one time Mr. Peek and his associates were even toying with the idea of direct barter arrangements and the establishment of a foreign-trade monopoly. Unfortunately, Mr. Peek coupled these somewhat advanced ideas with a general philosophy of foreign trade that was wholly anachronistic. Like Hoover and the conservative diehards, he believed that America's national salvation was to be found in achieving an export surplus, irrespective of the effect of such a policy on the rest of the world. He objected to the reciprocity pacts negotiated by Secretary Hull, not because they were inadequate and inconsistent with America's creditor position, but because they were contrary to his concept of "canalized" trade. To his conflict with Secretary Hull must be attributed at least part of the indefensible delay which the Administration's reciprocity program has suffered. With him out of the way the State Department can have no further excuse for failing to push its program of bilateral tariff reduction.

A SUDDEN and apparently unexplained outcropping of news about coal bootlegging in Pennsylvania has appeared in a number of Eastern newspapers in the last few weeks. Planted somewhere in each story was the statement that the situation was nearing a showdown, that the coal operators were being "forced" to take matters into their own hands, and that it wouldn't be surprising if violence and bloodshed developed soon. Credit for this piece of in-advance hand-washing goes to the Anthracite Institute. Several weeks ago the institute took issue with *The Nation* on the economic aspects of bootleg coal but offered no alternative to it, such as reopening the mines and running them at less profit. Instead, it hired a high-priced press agent to "explain" things to the public. He called on a few managing editors and organized a junket to the coal fields. Some twenty-eight newspapermen, guests of the institute, gathered at Pottsville, where they were provided with the usual good things to eat, drinks, cigars, and a personally conducted tour of the anthracite region. Next day the metropolitan press bore the fruits. "Surveys" of the situation appeared—descriptions of the "ramshackle, dangerous, ugly" bootleg-mining operations (as contrasted with the shiny new machinery and safe shafts of the big companies), estimates of the annual loss to legitimate enterprise, and the hint that federal troops might help to liquidate this illegal business. If that measure failed, or if the President refused to call out the militia, who could protest if the coal companies took whatever measures became necessary to drive the bootleggers from their property? The press did its part nobly; whatever happens, the bootleggers can't say they haven't been warned.

THE ANTHRACITE INSTITUTE has some right on its side, since the bootleg miners are illegally working coal-company property, but there is more than legal right or wrong involved. The problem is an economic one and will not be solved by rifle bullets and blackjacks. Their miserable coal-digging is the livelihood of at least 14,000 men and their families, and they will not give it up without protest. It is also true that the mills of the law have been halted; grand juries won't indict and petit juries won't convict. But it is curious that the Anthracite Institute has ignored the safe and sane way out of the mess—that of arbitration and conciliation. The bootleg miners are organized in two noncompetitive unions. The coal dealers are organized in the Anthracite Institute. The miners have often declared they would stop bootlegging if they were given jobs; in a few cases they have done so, when independent companies reopened their shafts. The Anthracite Institute has insisted

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it would provide jobs if it possibly could. That seems a workable basis for negotiations. And if no jobs can ultimately be provided within the limits of private enterprise, the government will obviously have to step in to insure the livelihood of these men either in the mines or outside them.

IN MILWAUKEE, which has a Socialist government, a city ordinance was passed on September 30 which ought to raise the blood pressure of the American Legion several points. Believe it or not, the mayor or the chief of police is empowered to close the factory of any employer who refuses to bargain collectively with representatives of the majority of his employees! Predicated on the assumption that the Labor Disputes Act and the laws of Wisconsin establish the rights of employees to free association and collective bargaining, the ordinance notes the city's liability for damages occasioned by large associations of persons in the course of a labor dispute and puts the burden of such damage at the door of the employer who denies his employees their statutory rights. Strikes and unrest, it is declared, have the effect of "causing large assemblages," "straining the capacity of the police department," "denying citizens the free use of the streets," "causing ill effects offensive to the general welfare of the community," "creating resentment among citizens not directly concerned, and causing danger to life, limb, and property." An employer who, by his refusal to meet with his employees in a suitable and lawful manner for the purpose of adjusting differences, causes the assemblage of "200 or more persons within one-half acre of the business premises for one hour or more on each of two successive days" shall be "deemed to be conducting a public nuisance," and the operation of the place shall be "declared to be a public danger." The offending employer shall be given twenty-four hours to close his place of business, and failure to abide by such an order shall subject him to a fine of not less than $50 and not more than $300 for each day's violation, or ninety days' imprisonment. It is interesting to note that a seven weeks' strike at the A. J. Linnemann and Hoveerson stove plant was settled a week after the ordinance was passed.

THE UNITED FRONT meeting of the Socialist and Communist parties at Madison Square Garden on November 27 was highly successful. It is only necessary to recall the mutual violence and recrimination connected with another meeting at Madison Square Garden last year to realize how sentiments and party lines have changed. Aside from the confusion resulting from the fact that persons unknown were so anxious to make the united front a success that they forged 4,000 tickets, the latest left engagement in the Garden was orderly—and extremely impressive. Perhaps the best indication of its success is the fact that the Hearst press, since it had no "riots" to report, was forced to invent "an avalanche of protest" because no American flag was displayed at the meeting. The excitement over this lapse was confined, so far as we know, to the columns to the right of Arthur Brisbane on the day after Thanksgiving. The display of the red flag, said the *American,* had "aroused the resentment of city officials and leaders of civic and patriotic organizations. The failure to give Old Glory the honor due it turned that resentment to wrath." But its examples of wrath and resentment were disgracefully weak. Borough President Harvey of Queens said it was outrageous and wondered what the police were doing; License Commissioner Moss said it was beyond his jurisdiction. So much for the city officials; they had probably eaten too much turkey the day before. But the statements of High-Ranking Army and Navy Officers and Leaders of Patriotic Organizations were not much better. They recommended, to be sure, various violations of the Constitution, such as the banning of meetings of non-citizens, but the old fire was gone. In fact, it seems clear that unless we want to become a second-rate power in patriotic resentment, we must proceed at once to build up General Bullard and Rear Admiral Fiske (retired) to treaty strength.

THE VILLAIN, in the form of unwelcome litigation, still pursues Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., whose conduct as trustee of the Sonora Products Corporation was discussed in *The Nation* for August 7, 1935. The law suits arose over the sale of 180,000 shares of stock of the De Forest Radio Company in 1928, the charge being made that Mr. Biddle, with certain of his cotrustees, pocketed the profits instead of turning them over to the corporation for which they were acting in a fiduciary capacity. In 1932 Federal Judge John M. Woolsey dismissed the suit, accepting the plea of the defendants that the corporation lacked funds to buy the stock. In the Circuit Court of Appeals in September, 1934, Judge Swan found the defendants guilty of a betrayal of trust. On November 23 last Judge Robert P. Patterson directed in United States District Court a judgment of $2,098,755.49 against Mr. Biddle, Harris Hammond, Percy L. Deutsch, and Victor C. Bell in a final decree in an action brought by the Irving Trust Company as trustee in bankruptcy for the Sonora Products Corporation. Presumably Mr. Biddle and his codefendants will now be put to the uncomfortable necessity of digging up some two million dollars with which to satisfy the judgment. Other interesting facts about Mr. Biddle are that, according to testimony adduced during the various trials, he has in the past three years contributed some $55,000 to Democratic Party campaign funds, and that last summer, although the legal actions were matters of public record, he was appointed Minister to Norway, a post which he still holds.

NOW THAT THE SCOTTSBORO defendants have been reindicted by the grand jury—with one Negro juror—the business of a new trial will doubtless proceed with all possible speed. Since the available constitutional avenues of relief have been exhausted, the fate of the nine Negroes will be decided by the State of Alabama. This being true, it is necessary for the defense to put up the strongest possible case. If they are to be defended by a Northern lawyer—and the difficulties in the way of getting competent Southern counsel seem to be enormous—such a lawyer should be unhampered by friction extraneous to the case itself. A very large number of persons have been interested in the fate of the defendants, and numerous groups have been active in attempting to save them from the electric chair. It is hardly necessary to review the past history of unpleasant quarrels among these groups, all of them working for the same end but some of them unable to endure the others. What is obviously needed now is teamwork and concentration on the immediate task of freeing the Negroes from a charge of which there is every reason to believe them innocent.

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New Danger Zones in Asia

WITHIN the past fortnight the situation in the Far East has threatened to overshadow the Italo-Ethiopian conflict as an immediate menace to world peace. Backed by the British, Nanking has taken a surprisingly firm stand against Japan's scheme for transforming the entire northern portion of China, including its ancient capital at Peking, into a Japanese colony. Reflecting the unification of the country in opposition to Tokyo, the local Chinese militarists in the north, upon whom Japan had counted for aid in its scheme for "autonomy," have failed to join in the movement. Sung Cheh-yuan, commandet of the Peking-Tientsin area, has wavered, but Shang Chen, governor of Hopei, and Han Fu-chu, governor of Shantung, appear to have definitely rebuffed all attempts to persuade them to join the "autonomy" movement. Thus instead of being able to present the world with a spontaneous demand for independence from Nanking, Japan has been forced to call upon its troops to bring direct pressure on the recalcitrant war lords. Whether Nanking will take courage from the rejuvenation of the League in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and force Japan into open war, or whether it will follow its customary course of compromise and delay, is of course impossible to predict. The resignation of Wang Ching-wei, well-known for his pro-Japanese attitude, as president of the Executive Yuan has given rise to the belief that Nanking is prepared to fight before yielding the whole of North China. But even if it does offer military resistance, the result is bound to be much the same. Nothing short of joint intervention by the United States and the League powers is likely to stop the Japanese militarists in their latest adventure.

Behind the threatened invasion of North China lies the fact that Manchuria has failed to yield the economic advantages that were anticipated in 1931. This failure is exposed in a recent article in *Economisto,* a Japanese journal devoted to economic and financial problems. The purpose of the seizure of Manchuria, according to this journal, was threefold: "to supply the industry of Japan proper with raw materials, to conquer a new market for Japanese merchandise, and to settle the surplus population of Japan." In each instance the results have been disappointing. Many of the raw materials especially desired by Japan are not produced in Manchuria. A considerable portion of the capital invested in Manchoukuo has merely served to create new competitors for Japan's domestic industry, and much of the remainder has gone into railways, roads, and other developments which are of strategic but not commercial value. Although Japanese exports to Manchuria have risen substantially, these exports have consisted largely of the means of production and have been financed by Japanese capital. No increase has occurred in Manchuria's purchase of textiles and cheap manufactured articles, the type of goods which Japan is best fitted to produce. And despite a severe agricultural crisis in Japan, there has been practically no emigration to Manchoukuo.

The economic possibilities of North China are obviously much greater. Recent experiments in cotton-growing have convinced the Mitsubishi interests that with proper development the Yellow River valley could supply virtually all the cotton requirements of Japan's rapidly expanding textile industry. Important deposits of coal and iron ore also exist, which could readily be exploited through the construction of a few hundred miles of railway. Moreover, as the *Economisto* points out, the climate of North China is much less severe than that of Manchuria, and there is reason to believe that some immigration of Japanese might be obtained.

The primary danger in the present situation, however, does not lie in North China. Although the Japanese military leaders are anxious to gain control over the resources of this area, their main interest is clearly in Inner Mongolia, where preparations appear to be under way for a flanking attack against Soviet Siberia. The recent collapse of negotiations between the Mongolian People's Republic and Manchoukuo as a result of the latter's demand for recognition has intensified the danger that border incidents in this area may prove the spark that would set off a world conflagration. During the past three years Japan has been making steady encroachments on Inner Mongolia. The province of Jehol, which is an integral part of Mongolia, was annexed to Manchoukuo in the spring of 1933. In January, 1935, a portion of Chahar was added to the puppet state. A Japanese military mission is situated at Kalgan, the southern terminus of the caravan route to Urga and central Siberia, and Japanese advisers have been recently appointed to the Chahar government. The chief threat to Japanese aspirations in Mongolia comes not from Nanking, which has never exercised direct control over this region, but from the Chinese Communists, who have advanced to the neighboring provinces of Shansi and Shensi. Squeezed between strong red areas in China proper and the Communist-dominated Mongolian People's Republic, a large section of Inner Mongolia might fall under Soviet influence if it were not for the Japanese. This eventuality Tokyo is determined to prevent, particularly since control of this area with its potential air bases would prove of great strategic value in a Soviet-Japanese conflict. The danger is that in its effort to check communism Japan will become involved in a war with Outer Mongolia, in which case Soviet Russia could scarcely be neutral.

Most observers agree that the time has passed when Tokyo would dare to challenge the Soviet Union's position in the Far East without the support of some European power. But since its actions indicate that it is definitely preparing for such a conflict, one can only conclude that at least an informal agreement already exists between Japan and the Third Reich. Success in checkmating such a combination depends, in the last analysis, on the vigilance of the League, while the League's policy, in turn, is largely dependent on Great Britain. Heretofore Britain has been definitely pro-Japanese in its Eastern policy, but its recent reminder to Japan regarding the existence of the Nine-Power Pact, together with the reported loan to Russia, indicates a reversal in attitude. These facts suggest that the Foreign Office has concluded that no time is more auspicious than the present for stopping Japanese aggression. A strong stand by China, supported by League sanctions, might yet check Japan.

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Lewis and Labor

JOHN L. LEWIS'S resignation from the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, though it was spectacular after the Lewis fashion, was not unexpected except in the moment chosen. It was the opening shot in the battle of American labor to beat down the forces which have so far been able to keep it from realizing its enormous potential strength and seizing the power it should rightfully exercise in our democracy. It is ironic and unfortunate but not illogical, given our peculiar development as a nation, that the first line of the enemy forces stands within the labor movement itself in the form of a small but strongly intrenched army of craft unions headed by a little band of blind and reactionary bureaucrats who have played into the hands of the real enemies of labor, the great industrial corporations, which are not weak and have their eyes wide open.

From a short perspective the job that John L. Lewis and his fellow-members of the Committee for Industrial Organization have set for themselves—to bring the main body of American labor into the federation against the majority will of the executive council itself—seems difficult. Even the technical device by which they will find it possible to organize the mass-production industries without benefit of mandates and yet within the framework of the A. F. of L. remains to be invented. It may be, of course, that no device will be found, that the craft-union majority on the executive council will win, and that industrial unionism will be compelled to form its own federation. But it is only necessary to consider the forces involved to realize that such a victory by the craft unions would be an empty one, that Mr. Green and his cohorts would merely have won the privilege of dying slowly instead of being killed outright—a privilege which, to be sure, they will fight for to the last ditch.

Mr. Lewis has chosen to lead the forces which Mr. Green cannot possibly control and which he has therefore tried to keep out of the federation. In other words, Lewis is going in the direction which American labor under the impulsion of mass production must take; and fortunately he is proceeding with a consciousness which has been lacking so far in American labor leaders of his power and influence, a consciousness which even John L. Lewis did not possess three years ago. Since then the NRA, whose workings he studied at first hand, has served to bring out more sharply than ever before the basic conflict between capital and labor and to demonstrate the weakness of labor, even with Section 7-a behind it, that is not organized and ready to fight in the same way that employers are organized and ready to fight. Since then, also, fascism has triumphed in Germany, and the fate of labor unions in Hitler's domain is a strong irritant in the minds of Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, and the others. Mr. Lewis underlined this threat in his radio speech when he pointed out that there were forces at work in this country which would wipe out, if they could, the labor movement in America just as the labor movements of Germany and Italy were wiped out. Moreover, Mr. Lewis is under no illusion as to the identity of those forces. While Ryan, Green, Woll, *et al.* go on feverish red hunts with the aid of Hugh Johnson, Mr. Lewis, who loves reds no better than they do, proposes to organize the steel industry. In all the basic industries, he maintains, there must be industrial unions "equal in economic strength to management." Otherwise there can be no prosperity even in a country whose "industry can produce enough for an abundant life for all classes of people," and our democratic institutions cannot be preserved.

This is plain horse sense, and there is no doubt that the greater part of labor is with Lewis and the industrial committee. They already have a million organized workers at their backs; and there are other millions of the unorganized in steel, automobiles, and every mass-production industry, clamoring to be led. What is more, the wide interest in Mr. Lewis's dramatic resignation—some fifty newspaper reporters attended the conference which followed—indicates that a large section of public opinion is watching him in his new role with profound interest; and the fact that his whole career and personality—his fighting tactics, his eloquence, even his appearance—are as indigenous as William Jennings Bryan or Billy the Kid will help him to win the support both of labor and the public. It is impossible to believe that he does not realize that he is undertaking a political venture as well as a unionizing campaign, or that he will hesitate to face the issue of a labor party when the time comes.

From this longer point of view the possibility that Lewis has set out upon a course which may lead to dual federationism loses much of its significance. The present development is much more likely to resemble the sequence of events by which the A. F. of L. grew out of the Knights of Labor. History will probably record that in 1935 the giant of American mass-production labor woke up, ripped off the tight but puny bindings of craft unionism, and started going places.

Shun the Nazi Olympics

THE Amateur Athletic Union is holding, on December 6 to 8, the convention at which the final vote will be taken on participation by American teams in the Olympic games at Berlin. Two years ago the union voted to withdraw from the games unless assurance could be given by German officials that the contest would be held according to international rules of fair play. Since then numerous promises have been received from Germany. The protest against American participation has arisen and gathered impressive momentum because it is widely believed that these promises are contrary to the facts.

The movement for withdrawal from Hitler's Olympics rests on two assumptions. The first is that in Germany "non-Aryans" are refused equal opportunities with members of Nazi sport clubs to train for the Olympics. The second is that, contrary to the time-honored traditions of this international sporting event, the German government is in every respect controlling as well as sponsoring the Olympic games to be held in Berlin. On the first point the evidence is overwhelming and need not be repeated here. The fact that two Jewish athletes have been asked to serve on German teams is a meager smoke screen for the ban on Catholics and Jews in Nazi athletics. On the second point proof mounts daily. Perhaps the most striking was the ill-timed—for the Nazi position—appointment of Councilor Wilfred Bade of

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the Reich Propaganda Ministry to the organization committee for the winter Olympics. Herr Bade, according to the New York *Times,* "will represent Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, and will undertake to coordinate the winter organization committee's work with the Propaganda Ministry's." If further proof is needed that the Berlin Olympics will be government controlled instead of taking place under the aegis of international amateur sport, it can be found in the pages of a pamphlet written by Bruno Malitz, one of the most prominent sport leaders of the Nazi storm troops. This remarkable document is in the files of the Committee on Fair Play in Sports, which offers translations of some of the more noteworthy passages. It has been distributed free of charge to all sport clubs and youth organizations in Germany and is on the preferred list of the National Socialist Library. Herr Malitz declares:

> We Nazis oppose neither physical exercise nor sport; we fight against liberalism and its intrusion into sports. We fight this because liberal thinking is in direct opposition to our own.
>
> The Jewish leaders in sports and the ones poisoned by Jews, the pacifists and reconcilers of peoples, the pan-Europeans like Coudenhove-Kalergi have no place in the German land.

Herr Malitz even has a word to say about the Olympic games in particular, in addition to his remarks about sport in general:

> You will ask us now, "Don't you want any international games, any Olympic games in the Nazi state?" We answer, "Yes; as a matter of fact we consider them, due to international propaganda reasons, as necessary." . . . The state will name the teams.

The roster of organizations favoring withdrawal of the United States from Hitler's Olympics grows daily. Two important men have also lately added their voices to the protest. One is Ernest Lee Jahncke, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and one of the three American members of the International Olympics Committee. The other is Zack Farmer, managing director of the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles. Both of them earnestly and with reluctance declare their complete disbelief in German promises of equality of opportunity for athletes and their conviction that the games in Germany will be dominated by the government. In contrast to their attitude General Charles H. Sherrill, also a member of the Olympics Committee, expresses a belief in German assurances that the code will be observed. General Sherrill has also disclosed some of his other prejudices, which may explain his stand on the Olympics. On November 26, speaking before the Italian Chamber of Commerce at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City, he said: "I am here today to speak for a man I have long known and admired, for a gallant father who has sent his own two sons into the thick of the fighting for their beloved homeland—for Mussolini, also father of that amazing creation of his brain and heart—the new Italy." And referring to Mussolini's suppression of communism, he added: "I wish to God he'd come over here and have a chance to do that same thing." It is clear that Hitler's brand of Olympic games is exactly to the General's taste. Those persons who would prefer that Mussolini remain in Italy—if anywhere—and that Hitler keep his hands off international sport should register their emphatic opposition to the Berlin games, and, if they are members of the A. A. U., their votes.

The Greatest Living Writer

LITERARY prize committees may take a certain comfort in the results of a symposium recently conducted by *Books Abroad,* a useful review of foreign publications issued quarterly by the University of Oklahoma Press. At the editor's invitation various writers, scholars, and critics made nominations for the Nobel Prize, but on the basis of the results just published nobody got it. What is more, a careful examination of the nominations themselves and of the reasons assigned by the various proposers fails to reveal the slightest trace of that "consensus of informed opinion" to which many persons are in the habit of referring. There is nothing like any general agreement, and that is not all. It is plain from the comments accompanying the ballots that approximately one-half of the fictitious committee would vote the booby prize to the candidates proposed by the other half. Plainly if *Books Abroad* really had a prize to give, the award would be almost as unpopular as the Pulitzer drama prize itself.

Thirty-three nominations were offered, but the highest score made by any individual was the five votes received by Maxim Gorki. Theodore Dreiser got three; Willa Cather, André Gide, Eugene O'Neill, and Franz Werfel, two each. The remaining seventeen votes, or half the total, were distributed to as many different individuals; thus even if all the candidates receiving more than one vote each were lumped together, this composite genius would still lack a bare majority.

Several contributors to the symposium, in a spirit more conscientious than generous, could not bring themselves to award the $40,000 (payable in Oklahoma wooden nickels) to anyone. Several of the others, giving reasons, imply discordant "standards," the variety of which ought to seem profoundly discouraging to Marxists, New Humanists, and others who go about with yardsticks guaranteed standard by faith, reason, or that hypothetical consensus of informed opinion which either does not exist or proves the gentlemen selected by *Books Abroad* to be conspicuously uninformed. Burton Rascoe, voting alone for James Branch Cabell, wants the critic to ask himself of any writer, "Do you enjoy his work now more or less than when you first read it?" Mr. Troy, who apparently regards the classics of literature as a series of tombstones, votes for James Joyce because "he brings to a close one whole period of modern European culture." Mr. Allen Porterfield—who may possibly have a tinge of satire in his nature—chooses Christopher Morley because he "leads a decent life" and because, by middle age, he has written more than the ten million words which Goethe finally got to his credit.

As for our own choice, it is—but perhaps it would be better merely to refer to the classic retort of the nineteenth-century gentleman who was asked what his religion was. "The religion of all sensible men." "And what religion is that?" "Sensible men never tell." All well-informed persons of decent taste know who the greatest living writer is. But it would, we feel, be impolitic to let any of our readers know that they are not numbered in that choice company.

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Issues and Men

A Kept Merchant Marine

DETERMINED efforts are under way to put a ship-subsidy bill through Congress as soon as that body meets. Secretary Roper has become an ardent advocate of it, apparently in ignorance that what he urges spells a complete break with the historic policy of the Democratic Party. Since the Republicans have long been committed to a government-paid merchant marine there will be plenty of Republican votes for this measure. Many Congressmen and Senators who are now outraged because the New Deal has "destroyed" the character and sturdy self-reliance of the American farmer by paying him for obeying its orders will not be able to see anything wrong in fixing the profits of American shipowners and making them up out of the general taxation of the people. They will turn their backs upon the recommendation of Senator Black's Committee on Mail and Ship Subsidies, which is that, if subsidies are needed, the only way of escaping graft and corruption is by government ownership and operation. They will not spend a moment in studying the relation of our tariffs to our high shipbuilding costs. They will be concerned only with creating a new privileged class, with showing the American flag on "all the seas," and with having a shipping reserve for war time.

Yet if there ever was a field in which there should be no legislation without a most careful and far-reaching survey of the whole situation, this is it. We cannot legislate for ourselves without any regard for our rivals on the seas, however much we may wish to do so. For the action of other nations is bound to affect us, and every time we take a stand or pass a law the governments of several other countries will probably immediately seek to offset our action by legislation or decree. Most of the advocates of subsidies feel that we ought to fight for "our share" of the carrying trade but do not realize that other countries are bent on fighting for their share. This brings us at once to the questions: How much ocean trade will there be if and when normal economic conditions return? Can there be no other way of sharing it than by a fierce rate-war competition, with every government paying the losses of its nationals out of its general funds?

It is so obvious that this will lead nowhere that Secretary Roper himself admits that it will be desirable to have an international conference to obtain an agreement on the rates and relative sizes of the subsidies to be paid by each nation. To my mind this is just as impossible as the proposal to pay to each American shipbuilder the differential between what the ship costs him and what it would cost abroad. That sounds very simple and easy, but when you examine it, it at once appears wholly impracticable. Take the phrase "would cost abroad," for example. Where? In England, or Japan, or Germany, or Italy? In the cheapest shipyard in England or a more expensive one? In a shipyard not subsidized by its government or in a subsidized one? And how is the exact cost of the ship abroad to be ascertained? Presumably by an agent of the Department of Commerce. But will a foreign shipyard give its cost sheets to any American official who comes along? That seems incredible. Moreover, conditions on the ocean and in economic life are changing so rapidly that the entire cost situation might have changed by the time the American official succeeded in getting the necessary facts, if he were allowed to do so. Of course if our government would be satisfied with a general figure—that the whole ship cost $3,500,000, let us say, to build in England—this argument of mine would not hold so far as detailed costs are concerned. But costs of construction vary so much in Norwegian, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English shipyards that I cannot see how they could be used as a satisfactory measuring stick for subsidies to American shipbuilders who demand government aid.

It is, however, gratifying to note that there is at least a thought of international action. During the World War the Allied Trade Council in London allocated shipping all over the world, to neutrals and belligerents alike. If a world trade council were to be set up now, it could perhaps devise some method of allocating world trade to the various shipping nations that would do away with the whole vexed subsidy question and bring some order into the chaos of the ocean. That chaos, by the way, might be increased in a remarkable degree if Russia should decide to expand considerably its merchant fleet. This fleet can undercut any other for the reason that it is government owned and operated throughout, and that its crews, like so many other Russian workers, seem to be actuated by a passionate devotion to their government's economic ideals. Russia is threatened today by Germany on one side and Japan on the other. Would it not have the right to demand a very large merchant marine for use when the next war comes? What if Russia should insist that all the supplies that it buys abroad should be brought to Russia only in Russian bottoms? After all, the amount of trade in the world is limited, or at least it will be until the world becomes sane again, levels its tariff barriers, and sees that the road to true prosperity everywhere is through the development of international trade. It all reveals another field in which international cooperation is direfully needed. Without it there is no hope of anything but cutthroat and wasteful competition, resulting in heavy losses to be paid for by those taxpayers who may be induced to do so by appeals to their national pride.

Here we also have a picture of what narrow nationalism means. It spells national destruction or national folly in its every phase. Yet the patriots in Washington who will cheerfully vote the new subsidies will do so without thought of where this whole policy will lead us. At least they should insist that if any subsidies are granted they should be limited as to time and should be terminated if, after a fair trial, it appears that we cannot soon have a self-supporting and an honestly and efficiently run merchant marine.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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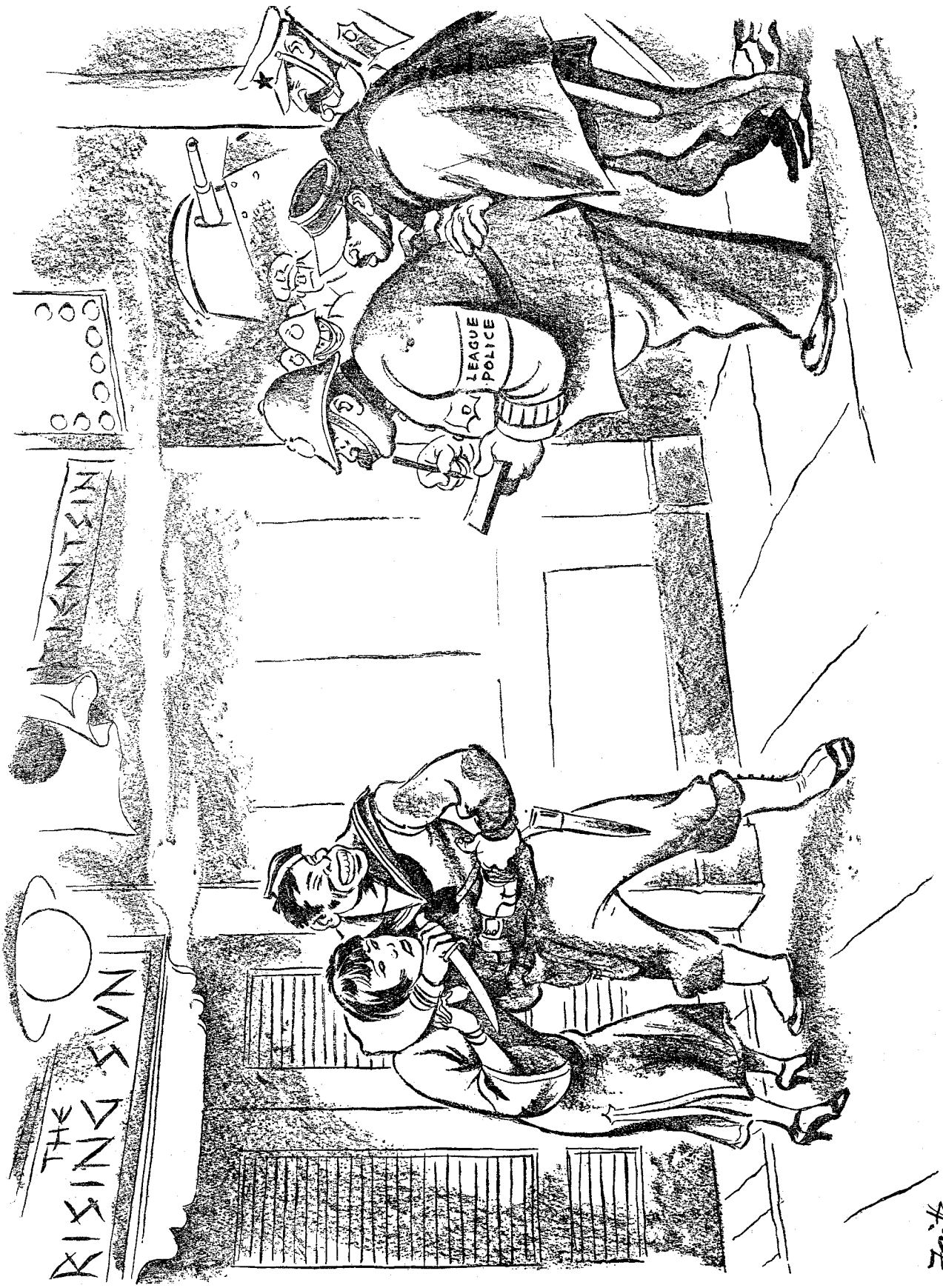

"Keep away, Officer, she has agreed to come voluntarily."

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Arms Over Europe

I. Britain Takes the Offensive

By LOUIS FISCHER

London, November 18

ENGLAND is again the center of the earth. Her recuperation from the economic depression has proceeded farther than that of any other great capitalist country. There remain, however, almost 2,000,000 unemployed and not only large derelict districts but large derelict industries. Great Britain has passed the zenith of her development. She seeks to rest on her laurels and live on her reserves. These fundamental shortcomings have encouraged certain powers to undertake assaults on British positions which England and the world were wont to regard as impregnable. The enhanced self-confidence engendered by economic recovery and the feeling that, of late, there has been too much twisting of the lion's tail make for a desire to reassert England's might.

A virile Britain helped Italy to establish colonies on the Red Sea. Today Britain opposes the intrenchment of a strident Italy in the same area. In this respect the Italo-Ethiopian situation, highly important in itself, reflects epochal mutations whose significance transcends it.

Why is England so adamant? London blocked action by the League of Nations when Japan occupied Manchuria in September, 1931. Captain Eden's recent attempted justification of this act in the House of Commons on the ground that "the two great neighboring states [the United States and the Soviet Union] were not members of the League of Nations" does not bear analysis, for America in Geneva and London was urgently demanding steps against the aggressor, and Russia would have been pleased to cooperate in them. England facilitated Japanese expansion in China—by not hindering it—because there was sympathy for Japan in some British quarters, because Japan's forward policy seemed to be directed against the Soviet Union, and because Downing Street refused to understand that after Manchuria would come North China and then perhaps Shanghai. The subsequent realization that an aggressive power acquires momentum once it embarks on the warpath contributed to Britain's determination to stop Italy before she got too far. It was dangerous to allow the world to believe that the lion had become a smaller feline. Prime Minister Baldwin stated on October 23, apropos of the Ethiopian conflict, that "one of the weaknesses of a democracy, a system of which I am trying to make the best, is that until it is right up against it, it will never face the truth." This is a wise definition as far as British democracy in 1935 is concerned. Italy put England right up against it. If England was still a mighty empire she had to prove it. Otherwise her decline would be a documented fact.

The truth which Mr Baldwin's democracy failed to face in time was that Italy was challenging the British Empire. Fascism converted Italy into a tremendous military force. Mussolini paid special attention to the air arm. Bombers from the giant hangars at Augusta, Sicily, only ninety-five miles from Malta, could easily rob that island fortress of its effectiveness and shut England off from the eastern Mediterranean. When, to boot, the Italian garrison in Libya was reinforced and Italians began showing a suspicious interest in Egypt, where an Italophile king and the widespread anti-British Wafd sentiment already made the situation delicate, London began to see a serious threat in Mussolini's concentration of almost 300,000 troops in East Africa. The heart of the British Empire lies somewhere near the Nile. England is extremely sensitive to anything which happens in that area. In 1898 England and France almost went to war over the Fashoda affair in the Sudan. An Italy established in Abyssinia could cut the Cape to Cairo tie and intersect the lines of communication with India. General Smuts's warning of the possible reaction on Britain's black subjects added to Downing Street's mental perturbation. The British Empire is a colored empire, and 37,000,000 British Africans are keenly watching Ethiopia. If Mussolini smashed the last independent African state, England would be blamed for allowing it. But if the King of Kings checked the Roman legions or repulsed them, white prestige might be undermined. It was bad either way, and it would therefore be better to buy Mussolini off.

Nevertheless, the British government procrastinated. Final plans for Italy's Ethiopian adventure were laid in the autumn of 1934. In the early months of 1935 American consuls at Mediterranean harbors reported large transportations of troops to Eritrea. Surely the British knew at least as much. Mussolini had stated publicly that he informed the British Cabinet of his intentions in Abyssinia on January 29, 1935. His agreement with Laval, which cleared the way for the invasion of Abyssinia, was reached early in January, and a well-informed Downing Street could not have been ignorant of the fact. Apparently the British did make representations, for I learn that on March 17 the Italian government assured the British government, in writing, that no armed solution of the Ethiopian problem would be attempted. Mussolini, however, did not discontinue the military preparations for just such a solution.

The central date in the history of Europe for 1935 is March 16, when Hitler scrapped the Treaty of Versailles and announced the reintroduction of military conscription. Europe shivered with fright. On April 11 France, England, and Italy met at the little town of Stresa to take counsel together. Mussolini was there, and Laval, Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, and Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary. Italy seized this opportunity to tell England's Abyssinian specialists at Stresa that the Duce had again decided to resort to force in Abyssinia. He was obviously relying on England's preoccupation with the fresh German menace. He was wise to do so, for although the specialists immediately carried the message to Sir John, neither he nor MacDonald ever mentioned the subject to an Italian delegate. Lloyd George extracted this admission from Eden in the Commons debate which preceded the dissolution of the last

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Parliament. Eden explained that "it was hardly to be supposed that one of the three powers which had just declared [by condemning Hitler's action] that their joint policy was the collective maintenance of peace within the framework of the League of Nations would take any action in any other continent which would jeopardize that framework." How naive! Mussolini regarded Sir John Simon's and MacDonald's silence on Abyssinia at Stresa as carte blanche to go ahead. Were the British scared out of their wits by Germany or did they think that Italy would be paralyzed into inaction in Africa by the possibility of German aggression via Austria? Perhaps both. And they failed to recognize the blind forces that were propelling Italy into a war.

England startled the world on June 18, 1935, by signing a naval agreement with Germany which many Foreign Office officials here now decry. Having thus mended her German fence, having ascertained, moreover, that Germany was not yet quite ready for a war while Italy was actually on the verge of waging one, Great Britain could concentrate her energy and attention on Ethiopia. Then she became firm.

The official version that Eden went to Rome on June 24 for prolonged conversations with Mussolini about the Anglo-German naval pact meant in effect that Eden implied or said that the pact relieved England and would stiffen her attitude toward Italian aggression. To avoid the impression of a threat, Eden suggested some territorial and economic concessions to Italy at Ethiopia's expense, provided Ethiopia's dependence on England were increased by the grant of the British Red Sea port of Zeila and a narrow corridor to it through British Somaliland. Mussolini flatly refused. He wanted no gifts, certainly no small ones. "I am no collector of deserts," was his argument. The British government now knew that Mussolini meant business. Italy probably underestimated British strength and put her trust in the vacillation which had become characteristic of post-war British diplomacy. This was Rome's crowning error.

By virtue of the Ualual border incident and of Emperor Haile Selassie's appeal to Geneva, the Abyssinian problem was already in the lap of the League of Nations, and London shrewdly decided to keep it there. This would win the Baldwin government support at home, where the huge peace ballot had showed how deep—and simple—is the British people's devotion to collective security. It would also win international support for British imperial needs from nations which feared that another case of successful aggression would be Europe's toboggan to a second world war. If a bargain were struck behind the League's back at Paris or elsewhere, however, Geneva might subsequently be persuaded to use its rubber stamp. And a British naval demonstration could surely do no harm. The British fleet, down to 230,000 tons in the Mediterranean on August 5, 1935, was quickly raised to 500,000 tons and is being maintained at that level. Britain had not taken such decisive action since 1918. It was naturally followed by the League's arms embargo, financial embargo, and economic sanctions in September and October.

The remarkable speed and practical unanimity with which sanctions were adopted by League and non-League nations reflect Italy's moral isolation and material weakness, and England's determination. A more powerful aggressor in a field affecting a less influential nation would perhaps have less trouble with Geneva. Be that as it may, sanctions are a delicate device with many virtues. Though slow, they are remorseless, yet too universal to invite real reprisals. They cannot end a war immediately, but they accentuate the normal wear and tear of war and thus hasten the crisis. During the last month, in Geneva, Paris, and London, I have heard innumerable discussions as to whether sanctions would be allowed to continue if Mussolini's position or that of the Fascist regime in Italy became precarious. Sanctions can easily and quickly be withdrawn. The one big question in sanctions as in the entire Italo-Ethiopian conflict is: How far does England intend to go? One hears rumors every day about "dirty deals" at the expense of Ethiopia. Whenever the British Ambassador in Rome sees the Duce, whenever Laval conducts a conversation on the Abyssinian question, stories circulate about a projected settlement which would give some satisfaction to Italy. Did not Sir Samuel Hoare say as late as August 1, "We are not unsympathetic to the Italian need for expansion"? He also favors a redistribution of world raw materials—although how that could be done he has kept secret.

Why this uncertainty regarding England's policy? There are numerous reasons. All fit closely into a pattern and some overlap. Powerful British circles would not want Mussolini to fall; they are thinking of the future of European capitalism. England may yet need Italy's assistance against Germany or France. An Italy made more tractable by sanctions and war losses might give up its designs on the British Empire and its yearning to civilize large parts of Africa. A few territorial acquisitions by Italy would then represent no danger to Great Britain, might indeed dispel some Italian animosity for Great Britain. Suppose, on the other hand, that Italy, desperate and frantic from prolonged British intransigence, should tear down the pillars and throw all of Europe into a war by bringing Germany in on her side? That would be undesirable. Mussolini must never be allowed to think that no escape through compromise is left. British advocates of big armaments may maintain that Mussolini's airplanes could work havoc with the British fleet. Nevertheless, England, with the League behind her, is more than a match for Italy. England's difficulty, however, is that she has three fronts—the Far East, the Mediterranean, and the North Sea or Central Europe. She really needs three navies, and British anti-armament propagandists are neither many nor popular. While London mobilizes forces for the Mediterranean front, one of the other fronts or both may become active. This is another major element in Britain's fundamental weakness, and it peers through to mock every demonstration of British power. Nothing would help Mussolini so much as the diversion of British strength to cope with new Japanese encroachments in China or with a fresh German crisis. That is why in the very midst of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute the British government naturally thinks of a far-reaching agreement with Germany and France, at the cost, some say, of the League of Nations. The alternative to such an arrangement might be an Anglo-French military alliance, which is once again the object of serious consideration.

Conflicts like the present one set everything in motion. Before and after the Fashoda incident, which today's East African complication inevitably calls to mind, Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Minister, wanted an alliance with Germany. Germany turned it down. In the spring of 1899, just prior to the Franco-British settlement over the Sudan, France offered Germany an alliance. Germany

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turned it down. Soon England and France entered an entente against Germany. Now again any combination, or its opposite, may result from the Anglo-Italian antagonism. Nothing would be too fantastic. The colonial war in Africa is setting the stage for the next act in the drama of Europe.

This too is clear: British isolation, whether splendid or sordid, is at an end. Only a very strong Britain can stand alone. The choice between empire and Europe has become purest nonsense. There can be no empire without British influence on the Continent. Every disputed frontier, every potential powder magazine, is Britain's business, and the new Conservative Cabinet can be expected to mind it. England needs friends, and in politics friends demand compensation in the shape of commitments. England will also construct a larger air fleet and a better navy. Before she has these, she must avoid appearances of weakness. Lovers of peace submit that there is protection in collective security; the League could reduce England's armaments budget. Downing Street knows the value of Geneva. It knows, too, that in the present uncertain world situation ultimate protection resides in might. The armaments race and England's entanglements in Europe are just beginning.

[*This is the first of a series of articles by Louis Fischer surveying the world crisis from various European capitals.*]

The Japanese-American War Myth

By VERNON NASH

BEHIND the struggle over ratios at the forthcoming naval conference will lie the conviction that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable. Yet actually a war between the two countries would be about as feasible as military combat between Switzerland and Paraguay. How, for example, could either of them succeed in placing landing parties on the soil of the other? Would some other country furnish a neutral meeting ground? Or would the navies meet by common consent in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?

I have yet to talk with a naval or military officer who believes that the high commands on either side would risk sending any substantial part of their navies as far from their bases even as Midway Island. One is disposed to accept this opinion when one recalls that the two greatest navies of the world were almost in hearing distance of each other during the World War, and yet the admirals dared risk only one encounter. They are still arguing over who won the Battle of Jutland, since both sides turned tail and ran at the first good opportunity.

How many units in either the American or the Japanese navy can carry fuel and other essential supplies for a Pacific round trip, together with sufficient ammunition to enable them to engage in a serious naval conflict? Even if successful operations so far from their bases were possible for modern fleets, both sides would feel it necessary to keep back the main body of their naval forces for defense of their coasts. This fact alone would prevent any possible major success by a smaller force from either navy, even if it were sent. Prospect of certain failure would doubtless mean that such minor contingents would not be sent at all. Transports with land forces cannot leave port without adequate naval convoys. Unless the navies can operate effectively, therefore, the armies of the two countries can never meet. What remains? Guerrilla tactics by raiding cruisers and submarines of each country against the maritime commerce of the other would seem to be the only practicable operations.

The effort of a combatant to establish a blockade of the enemy is of course a form of warfare. But it is not the kind of warfare for which the two navies have been built and for which the respective publics are prepared. Admiral Sims's strictures upon battleships after the World War remain unanswered. Our fleets may not cower in port as did British dreadnoughts from 1914 to 1918, but they cannot range sufficiently far from their bases to be thoroughly effective offensive weapons.

Put the foregoing to your friends and acquaintances and note how many of them will retort almost automatically that both sides would doubtless resort to the use of their air fleets. When you point out that the only planes which have flown the Pacific have had to carry such a heavy load of fuel that they were scarcely able to get off the ground with it, and ask what good it would do to send planes which would be empty and bombless when they reached their destinations, then they talk sagely of new and better bombers, of aircraft carriers, and of the projected air bases on a string of islands in the Pacific.

There is of course a wide field for speculation on the results of future inventions. Air bases in the western Pacific, however, will be useful in war only so long as they can be defended and supplies can be taken to them. How long would that period be if our battleships could not safely remain in those waters? Aircraft carriers cannot venture from port unaccompanied by fighting naval convoys any more than troop transports. Let us assume for the argument, however, that one of them steams out on a day's journey or so westward or eastward with its complement of war "birds." The planes would still have to carry such a large supply of fuel for the projected round trip that they could not support the added weight of even one bomb. It is said that there are Japanese aviators who are pledged to undertake *one-way* trips against an enemy, striking for an objective which would exhaust the small supply of fuel they would be able to carry along with a load of aerial torpedoes. Such patriotic heroism might be effective in operations against the strategic centers of Far Eastern Siberia, but the gasoline load required for even a one-way trip from any Japanese air base or venturesome aircraft carrier to the nearest vital center of the United States, Pearl Harbor, would still be so large as to preclude the carrying of bombs large enough to cause serious damage.

An unmistakable signpost to these significant facts has been before us since the adoption of the five-five-three naval ratio. Western strategists have been asserting that these relative strengths make Japan unassailable in Asiatic waters

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by the British and American navies combined. If this be true, how very remote indeed are the probabilities of success for Japan in an attempt to capture Pearl Harbor at Honolulu. If ten-to-three favorable odds are not sufficient when we must do the going, what chance at all have three-to-five unfavorable odds when Japan must do the coming?

This unwillingness of navies to play "dare base" means not only that we are safe from attack; it means also that Japan can do what it pleases in the Far East so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, except for such restraints as diplomatic and commercial pressure can provide. How far even the extremes of embargo or the withdrawal of recognition would affect and influence Japan is another issue; it is the practicability of war which is under consideration here. Not questions of policy but the alleged dangers of a war with Japan or some other power provide the chief arguments by which the American people are being led to approve the construction of a larger navy. Would that there were some individual or group sufficiently powerful to demand and obtain authoritative answers to such questions as the following before we are launched on a great building program: What potential naval enemy even now could attack us successfully so long as we confine naval operations to the defense of our own shores? Against what potential enemy could we operate effectively outside our own waters even with a navy built up to treaty limits? So long as ships are dependent upon and must remain near bases, what conceivable sense is there in increasing their numbers beyond that needed for coast defense? Under the circumstances we are forced, willy-nilly, to observe the Pact of Paris except in our dealings with our neighbors and with non-naval powers. If our present navy is larger than we need for self-defense, and if no navy we can possibly build is adequate for offense against a first-rank power, then the conclusion is inescapable that General Butler is right about the navy at least—it's a racket.

Even if our naval authorities could give the nation a satisfactory answer to questions already raised concerning the practicability of a war with Japan, another pertinent query would remain: Will we fight? Most Americans would doubtless affirm confidently that our peace-loving land will never start a war. Let us accept that assertion at its face value. It seems at least plausible that we might decide, if it came to a showdown, that our present and future interests in the Far East were not worth fighting for. Let us ask the second half of the question then: Will Japan attack us?

Some months ago I heard an American military expert develop the thesis that Japan would not dare attack Russia unless the Soviets were simultaneously invaded by a European power. He argued that Russia's vital centers are too far away from the Orient to be paralyzed by Japan, although Japan might quickly take the whole of Eastern Siberia. Fighting would then settle down to a long war with the lines at Lake Baikal or the Ural Mountains. In such a prolonged struggle the Soviets would have an overwhelming advantage. Similarly Japan must lose a war with the United States. Even if it should succeed in occupying the entire west coast of the United States, a fantastic assumption, the heart of industrial America would still be beyond two mountain ranges and across plains more than a thousand miles wide. Meanwhile, what would be happening to the financial structure of a country 40 per cent of whose foreign trade is with the United States? Surely we are not being asked to believe that Japanese leaders have become so mentally unbalanced by jingoism as to be indifferent to these vital considerations.

There remains the issue previously mentioned: Is there no stopping Japan in Asia? It is probable that only Russia could do it by direct, warlike means. Great Britain and the United States might participate in such a war, singly or jointly, by enforcing blockades outside the Orient and by extending credits and furnishing supplies and, perhaps, land reinforcements to the Soviets. The two Anglo-Saxon nations, alone or together, without Russia, can effectively use only economic and diplomatic weapons. Could such means stop Japan? I think so. Great Britain or the United States can dictate Japanese policy at any time, I believe, by the simple expedient of closing their ports to Japanese shipping until Nippon meets their terms. Even those who believe that the island empire can pull out of its present economic extremities would scarcely maintain that Japan could stand the additional loss of all its trade with America or all its trade with the British Empire for any prolonged period.

Japan is supplying the latest documentation to the thesis that the most terrible affliction that can come upon any nation is for it to become the conqueror of another. Those who are unwilling to wait until this demonstration has been made conclusive, but who abhor boycotts almost as much as war, can consider the possibility of compelling the Japanese government to become responsible again by withdrawing diplomatic recognition from the present military junta. The Japanese are undoubtedly the most sensitive people on earth; they could not endure such an affront to their pride. How much recognition means to them is shown by the frantic efforts they continue to make to get international acknowledgment of Manchoukuo, even by indirection.

But both economic pressures and diplomatic demands are subject to the same serious objection. The Japanese populace might rise in fury as soon as it learned of them and wreak its vengeance upon the nationals of countries participating in sanctions. Such outrages could be prevented. I believe, by warnings to the Japanese government of reprisals within our power, such as extensions of an embargo for a period relative in length to the number of lives lost. There is overwhelmingly conclusive evidence that the Japanese government can and does control its own people. In the face of such a threat, the commercial tycoons of Japan would see to it that it did so.

The assertion that no nation would be willing to use embargoes or to break off relations does not invalidate the practicability of these weapons if they were used. Here, at any rate, are America's alternatives: we can use our superior diplomatic and commercial power within or without a declared state of war, or we can wait for the certain breakdown of Japan when its swashbuckling imperialism on the mainland of Asia has failed of its purposes. We cannot directly make full-fledged war upon a naval power which is on the other side of an ocean five thousand miles wide. Japan is not able to use large-scale operations, naval, military, or aerial, against the United States; and America cannot injure Japan by these means. Since this significant fact is demonstrable, for what are we preparing?

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"We Want a United Front"

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A MAGNIFICENT opportunity was mislaid in Madison Square Garden when Earl Browder and Norman Thomas met in debate. It was not precisely lost, for at least one step was taken toward a united front. On the other hand, it would have been possible with the numbers and with the undercurrent mood actually to have achieved a working basis for cooperation then and there. If I am told that things cannot be done that fast, my answer is that they must be if any effective fighting front against fascism is to be organized. The risks of a divided liberal and radical front are so obvious that I cannot see why a few chances should not be taken for the cause of unity.

Frankly it seems to me that the fault lay with Norman Thomas. From my point of view he was too much disposed to stand on the wrong side of the causeway and contemplate only those waters which had already flowed under the bridge. Does it really matter now what the *Daily Worker* said about Mr. Thomas two or three years ago? I will grant readily enough that it was not only just but expedient for the Socialist leader to criticize as sharply as he pleased such factors as have made united-front efforts fruitless up till now. It had been my notion, and even my fear, before the meeting that the so-called debate would turn out to be a prearranged symposium—in fact, something like the wrestling matches held in the Garden in which all the punishing holds are barred by tacit consent. But it did seem to me that after the difficulties had all been mentioned, the final emphasis should come on the necessity for unity and the common factors which make it wholly possible.

I think Norman Thomas shook the salt cellar far too vigorously throughout and particularly in his last five minutes of rebuttal. I have no wish further to scarify tissue but I cannot refrain from saying that I think he was guilty of petulance. Since I belong to neither camp I believe it is my privilege to suggest that the progressive members of the Socialist Party should go into a huddle to review what happened in Madison Square Garden and prepare for an additional public parley. There is, I think, ample public interest to fill another hall at which Thomas and Browder might speak again with other Socialist and Communist spokesmen and, even more important, with A. F. of L. leaders like Lewis, Hillman, and Gorman.

To me one of the strangest things in the meeting was the complete reversal of popular fallacies concerning the Socialist and Communist parties in America. It is generally believed that the handicap to the growth of communism here is a failure on the part of the leaders to approach immediate issues from a native point of view and in the American idiom. It has also been said on many occasions that Communists are fanatics and that their economic beliefs constitute actually a religion, which tends to make them somewhat bleakly puritanical.

Nothing could have been farther from the facts as they were unfolded in the Garden. It was Norman Thomas who used Rand School words and Earl Browder whose idiom throughout was that of old Ed Howe. It was, ironically enough, Browder who quoted "The Star Spangled Banner" and Norman Thomas who rebuked the Communists for traveling too far and too rapidly to the right.

I hardly conceal the fact that to me Browder seemed not only the more genial but by far the abler speaker. I have always felt that Norman Thomas was too thin-skinned and too sensitive about his dignity. He has all the courage in the world but he is actively annoyed by even a fugitive boo or hiss. I think that men in the labor movement must steel themselves not only to endure but even to enjoy some of the rough and tumble which is properly a part of the proceedings when mass audiences assemble. I mean specifically that I thought Norman Thomas was unfair in saying in effect, "There's your united front," when he drew a mere scattering of boos after he had labored the same point about Soviet oil some five or six times. Party discipline is one thing, and certainly the Communists were courteous to Norman Thomas, but a united front must allow for some give and take since the groups combined are not to be expected to sacrifice all autonomy.

Of course, a united front must appeal to many groups outside the Socialist and Communist parties. But it seems to me that both in the economic and in the political trenches many recruits will be gained once the first step has been taken toward unity. As a matter of fact, none of the Communists or the Socialists with whom I talked after the meeting seemed to be as disappointed as I was. Certain sharpnesses which disturbed me they accepted as merely strategic maneuvers. But I think I am correct in saying that along the fringes a potential enthusiasm was dampened. Indeed, I felt that Norman Thomas was closer to the united front in his opening remarks than in those with which he closed his argument. Perhaps the debate could be staged again and run backwards.

While it is true that in America there is a popular disposition to cling to individual leaders rather than to a cause, I do believe that a proper united front between communism and socialism must rest on something more than Norman's yea or nay. To put it bluntly, I feel that if Norman Thomas actually means to obstruct the united front, an appeal should be taken over his head to his followers. He has every right to move in his own way to bring about a proper fusion, and I am quite ready to admit that I may be wrong in thinking that his tactics at Madison Square Garden were a mistake. I most certainly do not believe that the way to get a united front is to cooperate in the beginning only on individual issues such as the Herndon case, the Mooney case, and the Scottsboro boys. Of course, there ought to be cooperation on these issues, but it should be a part of teamwork all along the line. After all, if a little cooperation is a good thing, then a much greater amount of cooperation ought to be a much better thing.

No group which desires to create a Labor Party can get there by going in one toe at a time. The growth of fascism in this country moves along at a much faster pace. Not only do we want a united front but we want it now.

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"Not Too Much for a Negro"

By ROBERT W. HORTON

RAYMOND STEWART was found dying on the floor of his farmhouse in Kemper County, Mississippi. His skull had been crushed. His shoulder was broken. Blood covered his head. He was dressed in shirt and underwear. The witness who found the body said: ". . . I opened the door and noticed a form lying down on the floor, some human being. I couldn't tell right at that time what it was; of course I imagined it was Mr. Raymond. It was dark in the room, and I went . . . to get a light. I found a lantern on the mantel and lit it and brought it back and put it close to him. I first called him three or four times to see if I could rouse him, but he didn't reply. He was breathing hard and seemed to be unconscious." Stewart expired shortly afterward without regaining consciousness.

The room in which he died was used for storing cotton seed, of which a quantity was there. It also contained a tool chest, which was open and spattered with blood. A bloody chisel lay on top. Stewart's shirt appeared to be scorched in one place, and a broken lamp was found on the floor. Its wick had been pulled out and set afire from end to end. The killer apparently intended to burn the house.

The murder was discovered some time after noon on March 24, 1934. On April 6 three illiterate Negroes—Yank Ellington, Ed Brown, and Henry Shields—were sentenced by Judge J. I. Sturdivant of the Kemper County Court to be hanged for the murder.

A few hours after the murder had been discovered, Yank Ellington, who worked for Stewart and lived about a mile away, walked up to the house. Finding there was nothing he could do, he sat down on a log with some other Negro boys, talked a while, and then went home. That night Cliff Dial, a deputy sheriff, called and asked Ellington to accompany him to the Stewart house. A crowd had preceded them, and when the sheriff and his quarry arrived, the crowd immediately began accusing Ellington of having murdered the farmer. Ellington denied any part in or knowledge of the killing. He was thereupon snatched up by the mob and taken to a nearby tree. A noose was quickly fashioned for his neck, the rope tossed over a limb. Would he confess? No! He was hoisted off his feet and threatened with death if he did not confess. Lowered to the ground he again denied knowledge of the crime. The crowd yanked him aloft a second time, the noose burning a ring into the flesh of his neck. Would he confess? No! He was lowered again and the noose was slipped off. He was then stripped and tied to the trunk of the tree. The men in the mob took off their belts and began swinging them buckle-end first against the bare flesh of the quivering Negro. Would he confess? "No," he cried. The torture drew only blood.

On the witness stand Ellington said, "They turned me loose and told me to go home, and I just could get home."

Next day Ellington found himself once more in Deputy Sheriff Dial's custody. This time he was taken to Meridian for what Dial described as "safekeeping." On the way, however, Dial decided that Ellington must "belch up the truth." He stopped his car, ordered the manacled Ellington out, stripped him, and began beating him with a strap armored with metal at the end. So vigorously did Dial apply the lash that "he did cut his body in strips." This was the same body that only a few hours before had been belabored by the mob at the Stewart place. During this second blood-letting by the law Ellington persisted in disclaiming any knowledge of the crime, but as the metal cut deeper and deeper his courage withered until finally he cried, "Tell me what to say and I will say it." Coached by Dial, Ellington told a story. He was thrust back into the car, and the journey to Meridian and "safekeeping" was resumed.

It was in the Meridian jail that Ellington discovered that his friends, Ed Brown and Henry Shields, had also been arrested and accused of the murder, the alleged motive being a plot to get money paid to Stewart on a cotton-acreage-reduction agreement, money they claimed was due at least two of them. What occurred in the Meridian jail the first night, however, is best described by Associate Justice Virgil A. Griffith of the Mississippi Supreme Court. Said Justice Griffith in a dissenting opinion on the conviction of the three:

> On Sunday night, April 1, 1934, the same deputy [Dial], accompanied by a number of white men, one of whom was also an officer, and by the jailer, came to the jail, and the two last-named defendants [Brown and Shields] were made to strip, and they were laid over chairs, and their backs were cut to pieces with a leather strap with buckles on it, and they were likewise made by the said deputy definitely to understand that the whipping would be continued unless and until they confessed, and not only confessed but confessed in every matter of detail as demanded by those present; and in this manner the defendants confessed the crime, and as the whippings progressed and were repeated they changed or adjusted their confession in all particulars of detail so as to conform to the demands of their torturers. When the confessions had been obtained in the exact form and content as desired by the mob, they left with the parting admonition and warning that if the defendants changed their story at any time in any respect from that last stated, the perpetrators of the outrage would administer the same or equally effective treatment.

Justice Griffith went on to say:

> Further details of the brutal treatment to which these helpless prisoners were subjected need not be pursued. It is sufficient to say that in pertinent respects the transcript reads more like pages torn from some medieval account than a record made within the confines of a modern civilization which aspires to an enlightened constitutional government.

Confessions having been obtained from the three, it was mere routine for them to be indicted two days later by the grand jury of Kemper County. That was on April 4. On the afternoon of the same day the three were rushed from Meridian to DeKalb and arraigned. The court asked if they had counsel. No, of course not. Did they want counsel? Well, they didn't think it would do much good. Thereupon

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the court appointed John A. Clark and L. P. Spinks, both of the DeKalb bar. (DeKalb is the county seat and has a population of 3,946.) The prisoners, however, were allowed only half an hour to confer with counsel before being taken back to Meridian, some thirty miles away.

The next morning they were returned at nine, the hour the trial was to start. The two lawyers immediately requested an opportunity to confer with their clients. Judge Sturdivant ordered them taken to a room in the courthouse for the conference, accompanied by guards. Deputy Cliff Dial appeared at this point and sought a seat at the conference between the defendants and their counsel, presumably feeling that his previous intimate association with them justified his presence. The counsel, however, succeeded in ejecting him, whereupon he stood outside staring through the glass panel, his eyes fixed upon the three Negroes.

The conference had hardly started when the court sent word that of course it didn't mean to hurry matters but it would be most convenient if counsel would terminate the conference as quickly as possible. Counsel ignored the suggestion. But the court persisted and sent the same message at intervals until the conference ended. While it lasted, Deputy Dial contributed to the confusion by first staring and then putting his ear to the keyhole, listening to hear whether the Negroes changed the stories they had learned so painfully.

His conduct moved the Negroes to whisper to their counsel that they were afraid to talk. At the conclusion of the conference the Negroes were returned to the courtroom. Counsel was then unable to obtain time to confer with witnesses and had to do this by whispered conversation as the trial went on.

The court, so scrupulous in the appointment of counsel, overlooked advising the defendants that they were entitled to be tried separately. The court also failed to suggest that the defendants were entitled to a special venire from which to draw a jury. The court did, however, appoint two additional members of the DeKalb bar to the defense—"Honorable D. P. Davis and Honorable Joe H. Daws." Such an array of distinguished local counsel made a most impressive appearance in the record as well as in the court. It seems, however, that three of the talented gentlemen must have been chosen more for decoration than utility, since John A. Clark, one of the first two attorneys appointed by the court, in a sworn statement to the Supreme Court of Mississippi, said: ". . . affiant states that neither of the three men assigned with him in the trial of said cause was at all in sympathy with the defendants, but all prejudiced the case and thought they should be convicted."

The technique of crime detection among the Negro population in Kemper and Lauderdale counties, Mississippi, was disclosed during cross-examination. The confession is obtained by the deputy or deputies in the fashion indicated above. Then the sheriff is called in to hear it. He goes through the perfunctory gestures of his office, tells the accused to disclose the truth, says the law is there to protect the accused, and so on. His hands are thus kept clean. The dirty work is done by the deputies and the blood mopped up before the sheriff arrives. Bruises, lacerations, even necks burned by the noose are overlooked, or credited perhaps to misadventures arising before the accused was taken under the protection of the law.

Sheriff J. H. Adcock of Kemper County and Sheriff Bryce Stevens of Lauderdale County were the two principal officers of the law called in to listen to the lacerated defendants tell how they murdered the deceased. Their testimony on the stand indicated that they had heard reports that there might have been a bit of whipping, but of course they could not testify to that, it being beyond their knowledge. Sheriff Adcock, modestly revealing his kindness toward the illiterate Negroes, informed the court that he had told them, after the torture, to "go on and tell the truth about this thing; no harm can come to you here." He subsequently added, "I spoke to them separately, but I was as kind as I knew how to be."

It was not until Ed Brown took the stand that the story of the scourgings was disclosed in detail. Brown said he was called out of his cell in the Meridian jail on Sunday night by Deputy Sheriff Dial.

> He told me to come out here, that he had heard I told that I killed Mr. Raymond. I came out of the jail house and I said, "I declare I didn't kill Mr. Raymond." He said, "Come on in here and pull your clothes off; I am going to get you." I said to the last that I didn't kill him. There was two more fellows about like that there, and they was whipping me. They had me across chairs kind of like that. I said I didn't kill him, and they said put it on him again, and they hit so hard I had to say, "Yes, sir." Mr. Cliff said, "Give it to me, and I will get it." He took it, and it had two buckles on the end. They stripped me naked and bent me over a chair, and I just had to say it; I couldn't help it.
>
> Q. They whipped you hard there?
>
> A. Yes, sir. I will show you. There are places all the way up there.
>
> Q. Did you bleed any?
>
> A. Did I bleed? I sure did.

Henry Shields testified to virtually the same treatment. Then Yank Ellington came to the stand.

> Q. Where do you live?
>
> A. On Raymond Stewart's place.
>
> Q. Raymond Stewart or Mr. Raymond Stewart?
>
> A. Mr. Raymond Stewart. . . .
>
> Q. What did they do after they tied you?
>
> A. They whipped me good.
>
> Q. Was that all?
>
> A. They hung me twice; they pulled me up to a limb twice.
>
> Q. What is the mark on your neck?
>
> A. That's where they pulled me up to the limb twice.
>
> Q. That was done with a rope?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. Did it hurt you?
>
> A. Yes, sir.

The Honorable John C. Stennis, district attorney, sought to show that Ellington certainly could not have been afraid of kindly Sheriff Adcock, but he elicited only this reply: "Yes, sir, I am scared of all white people."

The court meanwhile had admitted into evidence the confessions. Judge Sturdivant, however, bowed to propriety to the extent of ordering the jury from the room while admission of the confessions was discussed. He then ruled they were admissible and called the jury back to hear them recited by the sheriffs and deputies.

Finally the underlings of the sheriff's office came to the stand. They admitted conduct with the defendants that even a jury might suspect would not lead to free and voluntary confessions. Deputy Dial's testimony was most helpful in this respect.

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Q. On Friday night were you present when certain parties had the defendant Yank Ellington?

A. I was.

Q. Tell whether or not you took up for Yank and protected him?

A. I did. I told them that Mr. Stewart [apparently a brother of the deceased] had asked me to take charge of the place, and I didn't want any of the Negroes beat up, and I didn't believe this Negro was guilty, and I would rather they didn't beat him up.

Q. That was Friday night?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. After you intervened, what became of Yank?

A. He went home, or I suppose he did. I got them to turn him loose.

This questioning was by the district attorney. Mr. Clark then took the deputy on cross-examination and asked:

Q. Now, when you went up there Friday night and befriended Yank, who had charge of him then?

A. A bunch of them was there; I expect it was twenty men.

Q. Were they whipping him?

A. It first started around the fire there. Sam Land and I went by the houses and told the Negroes to come up there and then went down to Dan Camp's and came back and they had Yank and Manny Brooks.

Q. Did they whip them in your presence?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did they hang him there?

A. Well, you know they didn't hang him. They pulled him up but they didn't hang him.

Q. Of course, they didn't kill him.

A. No, sir.

Q. How many times did they pull him up?

A. I didn't see them pull him up but one time.

Q. Did they whip him any after they pulled him up?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. When did you first offer your friendship to him?

A. I begged them before they started not to beat the Negroes up.

Q. But they wouldn't listen to you?

A. No, sir.

Q. They whipped them a little anyhow?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. A right smart?

A. Not too much for a Negro; not as much as I would have done if it was left to me.

Ellington was the last of the principals to testify, and shortly thereafter the trial ended, the proceedings having consumed less than two days. The jury dispatched its duties most expeditiously, finding each defendant guilty. So eager was the court to dispose of the case that sentence could not be put off even to next day. In the words of Mr. Clark:

> . . . as soon as the court could look at a calendar and arrange the date for the execution . . . they were called to the bar . . . and sentenced to be hanged, and the date set for the execution. . . . As soon as this was done, the prisoners were immediately handcuffed, taken out of the courtroom, and driven away for Meridian, the county seat of another county thirty miles away, with no opportunity to make a motion for a new trial . . . no money in the hands of anybody to pay for going down there to visit them or have any talk with them about making one. The court next morning signed the minutes and adjourned . . . for the term, and affiant states upon oath that such was the manner and haste in which the trial was conducted; . . . just before the date of the execution he went at his own expense down to Meridian and had a conference with each of the defendants, and so impressed was he with their innocence that he prepared and had executed a pauper's oath and petition for appeal, two of the other attorneys declining to have anything to do with any effort at appeal in said cause, and the third [Davis] only permitted his name to be used but took no part. . . .

Lucky were Ed Brown, Henry Shields, and Yank Ellington in having John A. Clark for their lawyer. The appeal for justice which he pressed before the Supreme Court of Mississippi has thus far (late October, 1935) spared their lives. The Mississippi Supreme Court denied the appeal, but John A. Clark did not give up. He went again before that most august body. This time he sought a rehearing on a suggestion of error. Again the court was adamant, relying upon a technicality to spring the hangman's trap. The court held that had objection to introduction of the so-called confessions been taken at the proper time and in good form, a new trial could perhaps have been granted. But although the substance may have been adequate, the form was not. It was thumbs down.

The petition for the rehearing did, however, produce an opinion which for clarity, vigor, and grace of expression has perhaps not often been duplicated in legal literature. It was the dissenting opinion of Associate Justice Griffith. In replying to the points made by the majority of the court as to the delicacies and refinements of procedure having been ignored, Justice Griffith said:

> To my mind it would be as becoming a court to say that a lynching party had become legitimate and legal because the victim, while being hung by the mob, did not object in the proper form of words at precisely the proper stage of the proceedings. In my judgment there is no proper form of words nor any proper stage of the proceedings in any such case as the record of the so-called trial now before us disclosed; it was never a legitimate proceeding from beginning to end—it was never anything but a factitious continuation of the mob which originally instituted and engaged in the admitted tortures.

Justice Griffith went farther, and in going farther did honor to a profession in which such integrity of intellect seems uncommon. He said, in concluding his dissent:

> It may be that in a rarely occasional case which arouses the flaming indignation of a whole community, as was the case here, we shall continue yet for a long time to have outbreaks of the mob or resorts to its methods. But if mobs and mob methods must be, it would be better that their existence and their methods shall be kept wholly separate from the courts; that there shall be no blending of the devices of the mob and of the proceedings of the court; that what the mob has so nearly completed let them finish, and that no court shall by adoption give legitimacy to any of the works of the mob, nor cover by the frills and furbelows of a pretended legal trial the body of that which in fact is the product of the mob, and then by closing the eyes to actualities, complacently adjudicate that the law of the land has been observed and preserved.

As this is written, the Supreme Court of the United States has just taken jurisdiction in the case of Ed Brown, Henry Shields, and Yank Ellington *vs.* the State of Mississippi. Arguments are to be heard, and some time after the new year the highest court in the land may give three of the humblest petitioners in the land another opportunity to test Mississippi justice.

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Holiday Book Section

Fifty Outstanding Books of 1935

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The Dog Beneath the Skin. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $1.50. A poetic drama with a fantastic plot and the general tone of burlesque which has affinities with the musical show rather than with the spoken drama. It will be produced in New York this month.

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Propaganda and Society

Propaganda, Its Psychology and Technique. By Leonard W. Doob. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

IN America the word propaganda, as Mr. Doob says, "has a bad odor. It is associated with the war and other evil practices." One may say that it is only since the war that it has had any odor at all: although both the word and the thing are old, it is only since the war that people generally have become familiar with the word or conscious of the thing. Long before the war everyone was familiar with advertising and political oratory, but no one thought of them as propaganda. Even now few people think of them as propaganda. The reason is that most people associate the word propaganda with activities that are dishonest, sinister, and menacing; and for some curious reason neither advertising nor political oratory—Communist oratory apart—is regarded as having any of these qualities. It was the war undoubtedly that gave the word its sinister connotation. Early in the war the people in each of the contending countries learned that the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, or red books issued by the enemy governments were "mere propaganda"—that is, a deliberate selection and distortion of documents designed to prove (what all honest men knew to be false) that the enemy governments were in no way responsible for the war. During the war the people in each country, having had their eyes opened, easily spotted the fact that the enemy governments were keeping up their lying propaganda. Thus propaganda became associated in people's minds with a "menace"; and after the war, when the chief menace was social revolution, people learned that the Communists employed propaganda for promoting their nefarious ends. And then came the Fascists, who also employed propaganda. Thus it happens that "propaganda," being a savory mouth-filling word like Mesopotamia, can now be freely used by anyone to discredit those whose projects or opinions seem to him offensive and dangerous. Last summer a friend of mine, traveling in Germany, met any number of Germans who called his attention to the curious fact that American newspapers are always "filled with propaganda." Now that people are propaganda conscious, those who employ propaganda have to be ingenious: the subtlest form of propaganda is to suggest indirectly that your opponent has so little reason on his side that he is forced to resort to propaganda.

Mr. Doob thinks that most of the books on propaganda—for example, F. E. Lumley's "The Propaganda Menace" and E. D. Martin's "Our Invisible Masters"—are inadequate because their authors take the popular view: they regard all propaganda as an evil to be destroyed. Without knowing it they are therefore themselves propagandists—they employ propaganda to defend something that they are inclined to against propaganda that defends something they have no mind to. Wishing to avoid this weakness, Mr. Doob approaches the subject as a scientist whose primary purpose is to understand propaganda as a social-psychological phenomenon. Like other social phenomena propaganda may be good or bad, and Mr. Doob has his own private notion as to that; but it is "unwise to be 'for' or 'against' propaganda until the phenomenon itself has been understood." Starting, then, with the preliminary definition of propaganda as "the attempt of someone to influence someone else," he makes an analysis (Parts II, III) of the psychological conditions that make any propaganda effective and of the sociological conditions that make particular kinds possible. This is followed (Parts IV, V) by a survey of the kinds of propaganda—commercial, moral, political—that now flourish, and a discussion of the "vehicles" of propaganda—newspapers, radio, motion pictures, pamphlets, parades, and so on—that are now employed. The book closes with a brief chapter entitled Which Propaganda? The answer is a bit uncertain, but Mr. Doob is convinced that people must choose the propaganda they like, and that until they understand the nature and technique of propaganda in general they will not be able to choose the particular kinds that are socially useful.

So far as I know, Mr. Doob's book is the best one on the subject, and should be read especially by those who think that propaganda is a recent invention used only by clever and unscrupulous individuals to mislead the virtuous and the right-thinking. I fear, however, that those who most need to read the book will be put off by the rather formidable apparatus of technical terminology that is built up in the opening chapters. This defect, if it be one, arises from the author's desire to attain scientific precision. The advantage of technical terms is that they can be precisely defined once for all, and then used in the defined sense. The disadvantage, at least for me, is that the definition of human thought and conduct cannot be made very precise after all, and in any case I soon forget what, precisely, the precise definition is, and so find myself thinking about words rather than real things. Mr. Doob has sufficient command of his subject, and of the English language, to dispense with scientific terminology. Had he done so, more people would read his book, and it is more important that many people should read his book than that a few professors should think him scientifically sound, all the more so since many professors will think him unsound anyway.

Another point, which does not detract from the value of the book for the general reader, is of interest from the scientific or philosophical point of view. It concerns Mr. Doob's definition of propaganda. The preliminary definition—"the attempt of someone to influence someone else"—is too vague of course, and naturally Mr. Doob does not let it go at that. If propaganda is not to include all efforts to persuade people, what efforts at persuasion are to be excluded? That is the central problem, and Mr. Doob admits that it is a difficult one. He attacks it specifically in the field of "education." Is education propaganda? Teachers in schools and college certainly "influence" their pupils. Are they then all propagandists? Mr. Doob lets a great deal of formal education slide into propaganda, but he endeavors to save some of it. The distinction is made by the magic word "science." Teaching which has reached the "scientific stage" or the stage of "scientific procedure" is education, in the true sense, and not propaganda. A teacher of chemistry, for example, conveys to the pupil a factual knowledge of chemistry, and whoever teaches it will convey essentially the same factual knowledge. Of course if the teacher suggests that chemistry "can alleviate all the problems of the universe" he is a propagandist, not an educator. This distinction is applied also to the humanities. "The teacher who acquaints his students with the scientific approach to social phenomena is an educator. . . . But the teacher who tries to convince his students that the conceptions of his age are universally valid . . . is a propagandist." Thus we reach the conclusion: "The essence of education in the true sense seems to be its objectivity in the light of scientific truths prevalent at the time, whereas propaganda, intentional or unintentional, is an attempt to control the attitudes of people." In his strictly formal definition

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Mr. Doob says, "to control the attitudes of groups of people through the use of suggestion."

The distinction is apparently this: the educator presents facts in order to arrive at an objective understanding of the world; the propagandist, by means of facts or otherwise, suggests attitudes in order to induce people to act in the world. Well, there is a distinction here no doubt, but I think Mr. Doob has taken "science" too much on trust, without sufficient inspection of its credentials. No doubt there is an "approach," an "attitude of mind," that may be called scientific, but the "scientific method," or at least its application, varies with the subject matter studied more than we are apt to suppose. There is at least one radical difference between the physical and the social sciences which I think Mr. Doob has not sufficiently taken into account. The difference is this: knowledge of physical phenomena acquired by the physicist does not modify the behavior of physical phenomena; knowledge of social phenomena acquired by the sociologist does modify the behavior of social phenomena. Fortunately for the physicist, the electron cannot acquire a knowledge of physics. Subjecting the electron to light does not enlighten the electron but only the physicist, and so the electron goes on behaving forever in the same way it always did, whatever the physicist may learn about that behavior. At least the physicist hopes so: he makes that assumption, and every night prays, figuratively speaking, that the assumption will hold, since otherwise his science would be all moonshine. It is quite different with the sociologist. The phenomena—men and their thoughts and actions—which he learns something about can in turn find out what it is that he has learned about them, and as a result of this learning they can change their behavior. The sociologist is really disheartened when his subject matter does not take advantage of his learning to change its behavior. Of course the sociologist wishes to be objective, he does not wish to be called a propagandist; but, being a man and therefore himself a part of the social phenomena he studies, he cannot be indifferent to the behavior of men. He hopes that what he has learned about human behavior is true in some sense, and that some men at least, if only a few sociologists, will accept it as true. But obviously, in so far as it is accepted, it "influences," whether by suggestion or not, the "attitudes" of men, and so modifies their action. By Mr. Doob's definition the sociologist, however "scientific" his procedure, however well founded his factual knowledge, must then be, whether unintentionally or of set purpose, a propagandist.

Mr. Doob must then be a propagandist. Of course he is "objective"; it is unwise, as he says, "to be 'for' or 'against' propaganda until it is understood." But after it is understood, what then? Why, "the author believes very timidly that the recognition and understanding of a phenomenon enables an individual to free himself to a certain extent from the force which that phenomenon represents"; and so it is not "too pious a hope" that "insight into the . . . nature of propaganda will . . . render many kinds of propaganda less effective." In short, Mr. Doob's "ultimate objective" in propagating a true understanding of propaganda is to influence the "attitudes" of as many people as possible, and thereby control their actions. On his own showing this makes him a propagandist, but I do not object to his being one, since he is, in my opinion, employing propaganda for a good purpose. I agree with him that people will never be able to "destroy the evil and buncombe of society" until they are able "to puncture the lies in the 'truths' which they accept, and appreciate the truths in the 'lies' which they reject." I believe Mr. Doob's "Propaganda" will help them—some of them, a little—to do this. Whether even a general understanding of the nature of propaganda would enable them to "destroy the evil and buncombe of society" is another matter. That might mean the destruction of society itself.

CARL BECKER

Religion and Science

Religion and Science. By Bertrand Russell. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

THE "conflict between religion and science" is no longer primarily a conflict between the scientist and the church. That is what it was in the days of Galileo, and, to some extent at least, that is what it remained through the days of Darwin—the last great scientist whose theories found in organized religion their most powerful opposition. Almost a generation ago, however, the battle ground was shifted and the conflict became an internal one. Today it looks as though a new phase might be about to begin, as though the authoritarian state might become the defender of a simple obscurantism at least as dangerous as that which the rationalist attributes to the medieval church. But at least that phase is only just beginning, and most of the living issues are now issues between one scientist and another. What its opponents call "orthodox" science and its defenders call science itself is threatened less by priests and statesmen than by physicists and physiologists. New discoveries have thrown doubt upon doctrines which seemed unshakably established, and many scientists think that they have discovered in the scientific structure cracks through which mysticism, free-will, and God may creep back into the universe again. Many scientists today believe things that many a liberal preacher learned to smile at in the seminary itself.

Because he tacitly recognizes these facts, Mr. Russell has been able to write a fresher book than his well-worn title might suggest. Not even he, to be sure, can discover anything very new to say about the Copernican revolution or the reception of Darwin's theory, but his later chapters contain as illuminating an account as one is likely to find of the philosophical points at issue between the more orthodox scientists and those who are flirting so openly with conceptions distinctly religious in character. In each case he presents the arguments with admirable fairness, though he himself, of course, is far less sympathetic to the Eddingtons and the Haldanes than he is to those who are not so obviously anxious to assume that every gap in knowledge is to be interpreted not simply as a gap in knowledge but as evidence that there exist permanently unknowable areas to which various mystical significances may be confidently attributed.

On, for instance, the crucial subject of determinism he presents very cogently the reasons for believing that in quantum mechanics the physicist is dealing merely with something not yet determinable rather than with something actually indeterminate. It is true that at present "it cannot be known what an atom will do in given circumstances; there are a definite set of alternatives open to it"; and all that we do know is that in a certain proportion of cases each of the possible alternatives will be taken. It is also true that there is no real validity in any argument based upon the assumption that since the movement of large bodies is determinable, that of atoms would probably be determinable also if atoms were as easy to study as billiard balls. As a matter of fact, large bodies are made up of innumerable atoms, and their behavior would be predictable even though no more than a statistical account of the behavior of their constituent parts was possible. But granted that the question is at present an open one, is there any real reason, except the ardent desire to postulate a belief in human free-will on a belief in free-will among the atoms, for making the assumption that the unpredictable behavior of minute particles of matter is sufficient evidence that their behavior is in no way determined? Does not, on the contrary, the fact that a certain proportion of atoms regularly behaves in one way and a certain proportion in another suggest that the case is

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like that of mortality statistics, where the fact that we cannot predict who will die and who will not does not by any means indicate that death has no causes. As Mr. Russell says, "What is new in quantum mechanics is not the occurrence of statistical laws, but the suggestion that they are ultimate, instead of being derived from laws governing individual occurrences."

The discussions of the probable validity of the mystical experience and of the existence of a "cosmic purpose," either deistic, pantheistic, or "emergent," are almost equally good, and it is only the chapter on Science and Ethics which seems to me less satisfactory—not because I disagree with the position taken but because Mr. Russell hardly seems to recognize the desperate state in which that position leaves any hope we may have for a secure "scientific" or even rational society.

Briefly, his position is that while the theologians are perfectly right in saying that science can tell us nothing about "values," neither can religion or anything else. To say that anything is "beautiful" or "good" is merely to say, "It is in accordance with an accepted code," or "I like it." Right and wrong are not objective facts but matters of feeling, which is to say, matters depending upon desire. All attempts either to enforce a code or persuade others to accept it voluntarily are merely attempts to make others feel as we do, and there is no fact outside our feeling to which our feelings can be referred for justification. But though I, for one, know no way of escaping from these conclusions, the fact remains that various conflicting codes do and will exist and that they have an enormous influence upon any society. Science can tell us how to reach our aims, but it cannot tell us what those aims should be; and since nothing else can either, we are permanently faced with an arbitrary factor which is likely to vary as much in the future as it has in the past. To say this is not to say that we ought to accept a religion. It is merely to say that we always do accept one whether we know it or not, and that an irrational element will always exist in every society. Mr. Russell does, to be sure, suggest one criterion for the evaluation of any act, which, he remarks, has seldom been used. An act may be called ethically commendable if "it may in fact have good effects." But that criterion is, of course, meaningless because it does not answer the question "What effects are good?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In Search of Havelock Ellis

From Rousseau to Proust. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THESE articles, reviews, and prefaces written over a period of thirty years show that even in the realm of literary criticism Havelock Ellis is unwilling to relinquish his role of philosopher of love. Eschewing any sort of rigorous intellectual approach, he finds his model in the type of "appreciation" developed by Pater and vulgarized by his followers in the nineties. The principal advantage of this form, of course, is that it permits the critic to express what is actually an emotional sympathy with his subject beneath the appearance of considerable erudition and a certain amount of diffuse analysis. The erudition is often intriguing in and for itself, as in the little travelogue on Savoy in the Rousseau essay or the discussion of allergy in the one on Proust. But it is not clear whether geography and disease explain these two writers any more than do the facts about their heredity, social background, sexual aberrations, and writing habits which Mr. Ellis has also patiently collected from various sources. As for the analysis, it is hardly more than the effort to reconcile the more disconcerting of these facts with a predetermined devotion to the subject. Even when analysis fails, as in the case of Verlaine and Proust, there is always the nineteenth-century apology of genius. Every one of these figures is a genius, and no genius, not even the distressing Jean Jacques, can be anything but lovable in Mr. Ellis's eyes. The truth is that here as elsewhere the philosopher of love, as he says of Gourmont, is less "a critic of books than a critic of life." Life itself is richer than any of its products, including books and philosophies; it is "the unique and puzzling phenomena, still profoundly human, presented by the man" which attract Mr. Ellis.

It is therefore less as "a unified study of modern French literature" than as a casual sheaf of eulogies on various literary personalities that the collection should be read. The most worthwhile chapters are those in which the erudition is the most prominent, in which the analysis is less important than the facts. It is of some interest to learn more about Madame de Warens, Rousseau's first patroness, about Restif de la Bretonne, the shoe fetichist and author of a work of forty-two volumes on women, and about Besenval, "the perfect type of French chevalier" of the eighteenth century. For most of us even the names of Alexandre de Tilly and Elie Reclus will be an addition to knowledge. In these essays we see the philosopher as delver into old and forgotten tomes, a *bouquineur* in the manner of France's Sylvestre Bonnard. The resuscitations themselves are a sufficient charm against analysis. It is only when we come to characters about whom we may possess some knowledge that we suspect Mr. Ellis of allowing his devotion to get the better of his judgment. What we have in the essays on Hugo, Verlaine, de Regnier, and Fournier, in place of an agreeable erudition, is analysis decaying into appreciation of the softest and least critical variety.

The objection is not so much to particular judgments as to a general temper of mind that has probably affected Mr. Ellis's accomplishments in other fields as well. It is true that one can quarrel with a taste which finds Rousseau "a master of words," de Regnier a poet of "passion and fantasy," and "Le Grand Meaulnes" an undying work of art. But a comparison of Mr. Ellis with Gourmont, to whom he devotes much space, may bring out the weakness in the former which explains the inescapable sentimentalism not only of his judgments but of the whole quality of his work. Like Mr. Ellis, Gourmont was something of a "universal man," a dabbler in both science and the arts, an amateur of truth. Both men have written philosophical discourses which read like prose-poems; both have written a *physiologie d'amour*. Both have given the impression of a literary man with a bad conscience. But the parallel is broken when we consider the manner in which these two writers of the same generation resolved the conflict of their interests in their work. The trouble with Gourmont, according to Mr. Ellis, is that "the first question with him always is, not what is true, but what is false, not what is worthy to be loved, but what is to be derided." In the search for truth Gourmont allowed his mind to come to rest in an irrational hatred of certain men and things; Mr. Ellis, in an equally irrational love or acceptance of a great many men and things. In both men the critical faculty finally abnegates before temperament; for the expansion of love is as little appropriate to the purposes of criticism as the contraction of hatred. The leakage into intellect of sensibilities that might perhaps have expressed themselves more purely in artistic forms results in both cases, but especially in Ellis's, in products that are marked by none of the highest qualities of either intellect or sensibility, whether taken alone or in their fusion in the greatest art. As a scientist or philosopher Mr. Ellis addresses us too often in the tone and language of the artist; and as an artist his voice is too clogged by the stuff of unassimilated fact to be audible. The unquestionable charm of his writing is directed to that crepuscular region of the mind in which thought and feeling melt into a comfortable vagueness, to that region which is the native element of

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the sentimentalist. It is the sort of sentimental charm which a lesser order of thinkers—Rousseau, Gourmont, and Ellis himself—shares with a lesser order of artists—Hugo, Verlaine, and Fournier. That it happens to be something that was suffused in the intellectual climate of the period to which Gourmont and Mr. Ellis belong allows us to complete the comparison between them; for the search for Havelock Ellis today leads quite clearly to the realization that like Gourmont he "belongs to an age that is past."

WILLIAM TROY

Amy Lowell and the Poetic Revival

Amy Lowell. By S. Foster Damon. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

S. FOSTER DAMON knew Amy Lowell personally. In writing this definitive biography he had at his disposal her letters, her diaries, and the constant assistance of Mrs. Harold Russell, Miss Lowell's literary executor. His biography is, without any question, the complete and authoritative account of Miss Lowell's very extraordinary life.

Mr. Damon works over his material as a scholar would work, dating every item that can be dated, giving with much more exactness perhaps even than Miss Lowell could have done the location and date of her lectures, her trips, her famous dinners. If, therefore, this biographer inclines to be a little "stuffy," the reader will thank heaven that he is not sentimental, that he does not fictionize so essentially dramatic a personality. If, moreover, Mr. Damon takes Miss Lowell far too seriously as a poet and treats her work with the respect he might give that of some classic writer, the reader can forgive him this and rejoice in a book which is the best record in existence of those lively years in poetry between 1912 and 1925. With Harriet Monroe printing the new poets and Miss Lowell lecturing on them, America had such a revival of interest in the art as today seems inconceivable.

What drove Miss Lowell, one of the famous aristocratic Lowells of Boston, to champion so new a cause may be decided by some psychologist. It does not matter. Despite her almost lifelong illness, despite her wealth, her tremendous egotism, Miss Lowell was an eminently sane person. Mr. Damon proves it. He prints enough of her criticism and of her lectures, given when the air was heated with argument, to indicate how remarkably correct this woman was in judging other poets—even those who differed with her. The launching of the imagist anthologies, the means by which Miss Lowell bore off from England the new school, her long quarrel with Ezra Pound—on her side always dignified, on Pound's crabbed and violent—Miss Lowell's decision as to when the imagist school as an isolated group ceased to be important, all indicate this New Englander's shrewd judgment. She was humanly overpersuaded by poets in sympathy with her, but she could not be flattered.

Miss Lowell knew everyone of importance in the years between 1912 and 1925. She helped Lawrence, financially and through encouragement, even when she didn't quite like his books, and that is only one evidence of her generosity. She encouraged the young Elinor Wylie; she gave E. E. Cummings letters of introduction to magazines. She knew but could not quite approve of Eliot's poetry. (Does an established leader ever approve the new leader?)

There is no doubt that Miss Lowell was a great force toward progress, a moving factor in bringing about America's artistic independence. Though little of her poetry will last, though the very premises of imagism forced the poets in this school to give us only the static, though imagism as a whole was an escape from thought in a period when any thoughtful consideration of our social framework harassed the artist incapable of changing it, this movement in poetry, led by Miss Lowell, was nevertheless a movement in which America broke its manacles. Victorianism and imitation of English poetry ceased in this country when the poets of the 1914 revival chose their own language and their own scene for materials.

No one interested in American literature can afford to neglect Mr. Damon's completely documented account of Amy Lowell's life, for her life covered the period of America's coming of age. Nor was this awakening provincial. Miss Lowell was cosmopolitan. Through her the influence of the French modern poets and of Chinese art came directly to bear upon American poetic art. As a critic, Miss Lowell was forever analyzing artists in other countries. Her "Six French Poets," her "John Keats," her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" are books that will live. Some of Miss Lowell's opinions on modern poetry must be modified. Many of the poets about whom she was enthusiastic have come to little or nothing. But she was often right. Again and again she recognized an important figure in a first book. Miss Lowell, moreover, saw the relationship between poetry and propaganda. She herself opened avenues which our better and later artists have followed.

EDA LOU WALTON

William James

The Thought and Character of William James. By Ralph Barton Perry. Little, Brown and Company. Two Volumes. $12.

WILLIAM JAMES is one of those towering figures in the history of thought who, like Augustine and Nietzsche, is more remarkable as a personality and intellectual force than as a systematic thinker. He seems to be undeniably of his time and yet out of it. His problems, his language, the options he set for choice—all point to the pervasive social and philosophic tradition within which he developed and against which he revolted. But the vigor of his thought, the wrestling—at once intense and subtle—with ideas, the color, daring, and imaginative sweep of his own choices are qualities which transcend social context. Rarely was a philosopher so much one with his own philosophy. Like the creations of all great minds his writings do not date. Although declared many times dead, his works are read more widely than those of the professors who have written his obituaries.

The five hundred and more letters, marginalia, and diary entries of William James which compose the bulk of Mr. Perry's monumental study naturally have a more intimate flavor than James's published works. But their very spontaneity and dramatic freshness suggest the reason for James's compelling relevance. All the problems of philosophy lived in him. He rediscovered them by reflection upon his own cosmic fears, hopes, and consciousness of activity. As we observe the unfolding of his thought in these letters extending over a period of almost forty years, and note the brilliant and incalculable profusion with which new ideas are thrown off, James's mind suggests nothing so much as a psychic analogue of the mutant-bearing *Oenethera Lamarckiana.* Its annual crop could have stocked the garden of an ordinary philosopher for life. But there was one virtue that ordinary philosophers had which James conspicuously lacked. They *weeded* their gardens while James left to time and chance and the near-sighted pecking of critics the necessary paring and cutting. The net result of James's thought was a series of fructifying insights which illumined problems and suggested solutions but which could never be presented as consistent doctrines. It is not surprising therefore that although

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most contemporary philosophers owe him something, there is none who calls himself a Jamesian.

William James opposed life to abstract consistency not because he had any hankering for the obscurantisms which taught that since the truth is dark there are no degrees of clarity, but because the norms of consistency were drawn from fixed patterns of logical discourse which caught everything but the temporal, the developing, and the particular. James was anti-intellectualist in the interests of intelligence; he sought to fit consistency to what he called "the each form of reality." Nor could he, on his own philosophy of radical empiricism, deny whatever traits of constancy, order, and regularity experience is discovered to possess. The type of consistency which characterizes the "each form of reality" known as a man's philosophy is to be found in the set of qualities which distinguishes his personality from others. Philosophies, then, become a series of visions which must be understood in terms of the imaginative hunger and the concrete decisions of philosophers before the evidence marshaled in their support can be intelligently examined or even declared relevant. These letters of James provide the clue to that kind of consistency in James's philosophy which James looked for in others. They show that for James the most authentic qualities of experience were its unpredictability, its uniqueness, its individual centers—precisely those elements which were imperfectly recognized if not denied outright by the reigning monisms of absolute idealism and mechanical materialism. Almost every one of James's important doctrines reflects the characteristic twist in the direction of the immediate. His modification of Peirce's principle of pragmatism, that the meaning of an object is its conceived effects, stressed the importance of particular consequences in individual experience. His theory of radical empiricism makes all the temporal, spatial, and logical relations which tie things together matters of direct particular experience. To safeguard the qualities of experience which concepts must disregard in order to get their work done, James converts the immediate awareness of qualities into a kind of knowledge, thus creating difficulties for his pragmatic theory of communication. His revindication of chance, contingency, and plurality, as well as his conception of religion as consisting exclusively of varieties of religious experience with no appreciation of its institutional forms, was consistent with his other positions in a sense which James would never deny. He was a mugwump in metaphysics on the same ground as he was a mugwump in politics. His philosophy was in the nature of a protest against the ontological imperialisms of the traditional systems with their categories of eternity, totality, and invariance.

These volumes round out the portrait of James by presenting a much-needed account of his social and political sentiments. They reveal how empty-headed are those critics who have referred to James's philosophy as a glorification of American strenuousness and commercialism. James was an inveterate foe of bigness, jingoism, and regimentation. He was active as a vice-president of the liberal Anti-Imperialist League when the country was in the throes of nationalistic fervor. Some of his social insights were extremely keen but characteristically unorganized. "The chronic fault of liberalism," he wrote, "is its lack of speed and passion." In the professional politicians he saw the natural enemies of democratic society no matter how socialized. He predicted that "they will capture every machinery you can set up against them." None the less, the limitations of James's doctrine of immediacy appear most clearly just in those situations where social instrumentalities must be relied upon to ease conflicts. James did not develop a social philosophy and never really understood the dominant forces which produced the ugly features of his own society, his interest in immediacy having crowded out the problems of social control. His forte was psychology not history. In a sense nothing existed

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for him but the present. The abiding significance of whatever social philosophy he had was the importance of individual differences.

Not only are these books indispensable source materials for James's philosophy, but through them run all the exciting philosophical currents of the last two generations. The letters of Bradley, Bergson, Dewey, Peirce, Santayana, and numerous others are important in their own right. Who would believe that Bradley saw Hegel in James's pragmatism and Ward, Kant? Even Santayana seems eager to make contact with some aspects of James's thought. For strongly as his contemporaries disagreed with James's manner of putting things, they felt that he had glimpsed important truths. They loved him as one loves a child who, pure of heart and keen of vision, sees things which eyes blinded by poring over other men's wisdom can only vaguely discern. Would that he were patient enough to make the most of his gifts—this was their common plaint. Only the great mind of Peirce, to whom James overstated his indebtedness, seems to be touched with a little envy. James's generosity was a fault in a philosopher but a necessity in one who was so free of pride of intellect, and who, loving battle, always proved to be a tender warrior. Sometimes it led to grotesqueries—as when he addresses the shallow, twenty-five-year-old Papini with the salutation "dear friend and master"—but more often it inspired a confidence in his friends and pupils without which they would hardly have undertaken their severally important contributions.

No definitive study of James's life and work can be written. If it could, it would refute his own philosophy. But Mr. Perry has earned the gratitude of all students of American philosophy and culture by his judicious organization of the contents of these volumes and by the skilful way in which he plays the role of a Greek chorus in the drama and passion of William James's intellectual development.

SIDNEY HOOK

F. P. A.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys: 1911-1934. By F. P. A. (Franklin P. Adams). Simon and Schuster. Two Volumes. $6.

TO keep a diary in public, as Mr. Adams has done for a quarter of a century in four successive New York newspapers, is not to be like Samuel Pepys, who kept his not only in private but in shorthand. Or so it seems. The fact may be otherwise in Mr. Adams's case, and indeed I am sure it is; for I find him in these volumes to have preserved his privacy after all—to have expressed himself with a strange and startling quietness in the midst of four million words which seemed as we read them week by week to be noisy merely with the world's doings. Such of those words as he now reprints continue to rustle with the comings and going of many people and to crackle with their sayings; and there is no doubt that the "Diary" will have its uses for some historian still to be born, just as it gives pleasure at the moment to such as delight in remembering yesterday, or to such as can appreciate it as the repository of witticisms, F. P. A.'s and others, which it so richly is. But there is something about it more valuable than that, as there is something in Pepys more valuable than his record of the Restoration drama or his reports of what My Lord said to His Majesty concerning the war with Holland. There is F. P. A. himself, a single and separate person who indubitably was alive during a particular stretch of time, and who into the fabric of a diary which he kept contrived to weave an unbroken if sometimes tenuous thread of evidence that this was so. The ultimate fascination of reading his book is the

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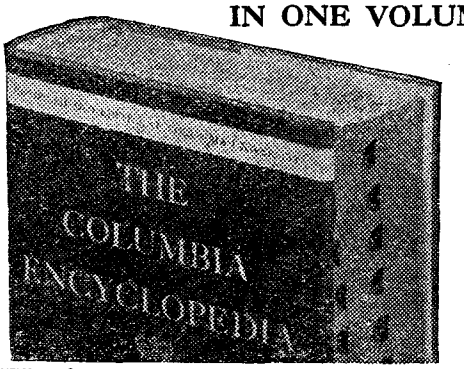

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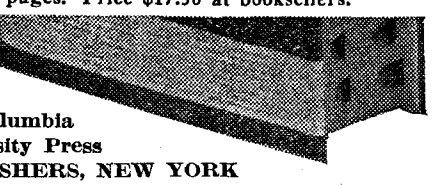
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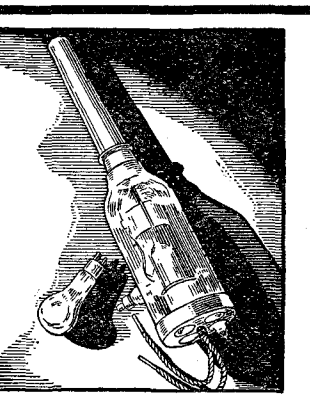
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fascination of finding its author in it even when he is trying to keep himself out.

Whether he knew what he was doing is not an important question, but I suspect that he did know, since he wrote in 1926: "No matter how cunningly a man writeth there are things he cannot conceal; and no matter how candidly he writeth, there are things he cannot exhibit or disclose." At any rate he has known (I hasten to leave the pure past tense behind) how difficult the art of the diarist is; and I have little doubt that he considers himself no great success, nor do I suppose for a moment that if he reads what follows he will accept it as an account of his character. Yet the words are his own.

> Meditating all the morning upon Life and its purpose, yet am come to no conclusion, save that it is worth its so great cost. But as to its end, I know not.
>
> And I did read until my eyes were weary, and would have read longer, save for thinking of how old Samuel's eyes failed him in 1676, and for that I have no desire, forasmuch as there are so many things I am fain yet for seeing and so many more I have not yet seen at all.
>
> Yet am I torn by no regrets that those days are gone from me when I was a college youth, for I do have far greater joys now than ever I had in the old days, nor would I exchange with any man his position.
>
> I wish that I felt that there were no uninteresting things or persons.
>
> I shewed him a letter from G. Ade, wherein he saith: "I have the lowborn gift of remembering the unimportant and the trivial. I could not give you any important date in history, or name the Presidents in order; but I can still do all of the sticky sentimental songs that I heard at the Olympic about the time of the World's Fair." And so it is with me, too; nor does it fret me much, since all those dates are in books, but the things I remember are mine alone.
>
> Those days seem full of greatness and romance and adventure, yet I doubt that they were as wonderful as our own days, here in the office, did we but know it.
>
> Lord! I hear a great deal of arguing these days, yet never do I hear that anybody is convinced of anything he did not believe already. Nobody, that is, save myself, I being so fair-minded that anybody can convince me of anything, but some do say that is not fair-mindedness, but spinelessness.
>
> My heart is soft as any melon.
>
> She very pretty and gay, and told me again she thought I was a good man, and was astonished it did not anger me, which it did not, but pleased me greatly.
>
> When I do see cleverness worshiped and made a fetish of I yearn for simple goodness.
>
> Found this day many a gray hair on the left side of my head, and am growing old, as the song hath it, which thinking of, I to my harmonicka and play, very sweet and sad.

Very sweet and sad. The words are not sentimental, nor is it sentimental to insist that F. P. A. is a very simple and good man who so loves the world and all things in it that he has been content to bury himself, or seem to bury himself, beneath the mountain of its many parts. Losing himself in five hundred friends he has found himself; living completely in the present moment he has stumbled upon the long view; surrendering and dispersing his identity he has made us feel him at last as something tough, something singular, something leathery with life. The world which he cannot do without and must set down patiently lest it be lost is not his own world merely, it is everybody's; he is not introspective. Yet he is in it too; he is by no means an insentient recording-device. It is his in the same way that it is ours, which is why he can be both friendly and intelligent, both wise and witty, both tolerant and intransigent. The combination is rare—so rare that it is never found in its pure form outside of a good diary, which

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itself is among the rarest of literary things. Predictions are being made that F. P. A.'s diary will be valuable to future students of this day. I venture to assert that it has already joined the company of those precious documents which prove that the individual can exist—especially when he is innocent of any idea that he does. MARK VAN DOREN

Where Marx Left Off

Marxism and Modern Thought. By N. I. Bukharin, A. M. Deborin, Y. M. Uranovsky, S. I. Vavilo, V. L. Komarov, and A. I. Tiumeniev. Translated by Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE underlying thesis of this collection of essays by eminent Russian Marxists is the intellectual bankruptcy of bourgeois society. This bankruptcy they hold to be the reflection of the impending collapse of bourgeois economic culture. It is evident not only in the social sciences but also in the physical sciences.

During the nineteenth century scientists looked upon matter as composed of small, hard, massy particles. This so-called "billiard-ball" conception was exploded between 1895 and 1900 mainly by the electron theory. The crisis thus precipitated in physics was widened by subsequent investigations, which showed that electrons behave like waves and that both matter and light possess a dual character, that of particle and wave. What had once appeared to be solid, determined, and causal in nature now disappeared in a sea of chance, probability, and non-materiality. In seeking to escape the dilemma of the older mechanical materialism and the findings of the new relativity physics, philosophers of science like Jeans and Eddington resorted to idealism which varied from vitalism to sheer mysticism; while indeterminist scientists like Max Planck, who maintained that "belief in some sort of reality outside us alone provides the necessary support in our aimless groping," fell directly into the arms of the Great Arithmetician.

The contributors to this volume hold that this recrudescence of philosophic idealism is vicious and reactionary in its effects upon human knowledge and progress. For, once it is maintained that the physical universe is ruled by pure chance, the next step is to declare that human society and history are likewise matters of chance and, therefore, to deny the power of man to change society. Such a position leads to social pessimism in the social sciences, to the romantic history of the Spenglers and Meyers, and to the "modernization of antiquity" by the intellectual exponents of fascism.

It is maintained that Marx's dialectical materialism is the only avenue of escape from the spiritual morass into which the thought of the Western world has fallen. On the basis of dialectical materialism the scientist accepts nature as objective reality, independent of man's will and perception but not independent, historically, of man and society. From this standpoint he sees that in the essential unity of the organic world and human nature man works upon the outside world, changes it through his labor power, and is in turn changed by it. This conception, we are told, is beyond the understanding of bourgeois thinkers; *ergo* their confusion, the reactionary character of their thought. Although a layman in the field of natural science, I can see how dialectical materialism, as a scientific methodology, as a theoretical approach to the world of man and nature, avoids the snares and delusions of indeterminism. Yet I should like to know how this approach really enables us better to grapple with the recent problems of science, as such. There is nothing in this volume, except Vavilo's all too brief essay, The Old and New Physics, that even touches this question. The other contributors are too engrossed with

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the social significance of scientific development to pay any attention to it.

Because of this preoccupation with the socio-political implications of science, the book fails to fulfil its purpose of providing English readers "with a better understanding of the intellectual basis of the reconstruction of society progressing in the U. S. S. R." And even from the standpoint of polemical journalism the volume misses its mark, at least in so far as American readers are to be considered. The attacks against anti-Marxist thinking and thinkers assume a much wider comprehension of Marx and of the European controversies between Marxist and anti-Marxist scholars than exists in this country. Moreover, the tireless reiteration throughout the book that Marx and Engels alone unlock the doors of all scientific and social problems is exasperatingly boring and tends to convert Marxism into a sort of cult rather than to prove its scientific qualities. This surely is not good propaganda for Russian scholarship. Nor will it heighten that scholarship in the estimation of those serious students in this country who are trying to understand society from a Marxian standpoint. Have the theoreticians of communism nothing to tell us but that Marx's explanation of economic evolution is the only correct one? There is an increasing number of young scholars who are ready to admit the superiority of Marxian over other types of economics in explaining and predicting the organic changes of capitalism. But this same group is inclined to doubt that there is anything in Marx's system that enables us practically to guide a planned economy once it is attained. How, they ask, will a collectivist economy, in the absence of free (?) markets, determine demand, or arrive at the allocation of its material resources and labor power? To say that these calculations will be based upon social needs begs the question, since needs must themselves be determined somehow or other. This is no new question. It has been asked in Russia and so far has not been answered. Although Bukharin, who sets the tone of the book in his essay, The Teaching of Marx, does allude to planning, he nowhere broaches the subject theoretically.

Another, perhaps less practical, question which Bukharin fails to clear up is the character of the "state" in Communist society. All he tells us about this is what Communists have officially stated a thousand times, namely, that after the proletarian dictatorship the state will wither away. In support of this "stateless communism" he quotes Marx as follows: "All socialists understand by [anarchism] the ultimate aim of the proletarian movement." In the first place, this sentence was taken from a statement written in 1872 by Marx in company with several other members of the International Workingmen's Association. In the whole statement it seems that all this group of Marxists meant to do was to define their conception of anarchism. They said: "All socialists understand by anarchism is this: the aim of the proletarian movement, the abolition of classes, once attained, the power of the state, which serves to maintain the great producing majority under the bondage of a small exploiting minority, will disappear, and the governmental functions will be transformed into simple functions of administration." I can see nothing in this statement which supports the theory of the "withering away of the state."

Furthermore, in his criticism of the Gotha program, Marx wrestles not with the problem of how the state will wither away but with what kind of state will finally emerge in Communist society. He ends by saying that "this question is to be answered only scientifically." But he himself never answered it. And instead of taking up where Marx left off, Bukharin is content to ladle out sterile phrases and such romantic nonsense as this, that "the dictatorship of the proletariat is both a state and not a state."

ABRAM L. HARRIS

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Behind the Scenes with Napoleon

With Napoleon in Russia. The Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza. From the Original Memoirs as Edited by Jean Hanoteau. Abridged, Edited, and with an Introduction by George Libaire. William Morrow and Company. $3.75.

JACKET blurbs and this reviewer have so infrequently seen eye to eye on the merits of books that it is a rare pleasure to report harmony at last. These "Memoirs" are indeed "the most important discovery of Napoleana [sic] in our time" and, I hasten to add, a most engrossing and fascinating discovery as well. In George Libaire's excellently edited volume, though it contains only the central portion (covering 1811 and 1812) of the complete French edition of three volumes (1933), which covers the years from 1808 to 1814, we have without doubt the most interesting and the most dramatic parts. For the strange history of Caulaincourt's manuscript and its publication more than a century after the death of its author, I commend the reader to the editor's useful introduction. The "Memoirs" are not important for any fundamental modification of the Napoleonic epic. They leave the main lines of the story untouched. They are important precisely because they corroborate the story by taking us behind the scenes into the fullest intimacy that any mortal could have with Napoleon. As a matter of fact, they are not memoirs at all; they are the first-hand jottings of an honest reporter who contrived to find time immediately after every brief interview and long discussion to record what had been said. Hence their freshness and their moving reality. For that reason alone these pages of Napoleon's distinguished Grand Equerry and trusted confidant, the recently returned ambassador to the Czar, would be an invaluable document. But these pages are more than scrupulously accurate reporting. They constitute the most penetrating and acute analysis of Napoleon's character that exists in any language.

Take, for instance, this half-admiring, half-despairing verdict that Caulaincourt wrote in 1811 as he tried vainly to recall the Emperor to reason and dissuade him from the madness of a Russian expedition:

> . . . and he was always wanting to persuade someone. . . . Once he had an idea implanted in his head, the Emperor was carried away by his own illusion. He cherished it, caressed it, became obsessed with it; one might say he exuded it from all his pores. . . . If he sought to fascinate you, you could be sure that he had already fascinated himself. . . . He always applied all his means, all his faculties, all his attention to the action or discussion of the moment. He put passion into everything.

Neither Caulaincourt's frankness nor his profound understanding of the inevitable consequences of the Emperor's Polish policy, nor all his courage in bearding Napoleon with the truth, moved that imperial mass of will and passion. But if Caulaincourt could not move, neither could he be moved. Unpersuaded and of his own opinion still, but as a soldier in loyalty bound, he accompanied his master through the grim fiasco of the invasion and withdrew with him in the grimmer horror of the retreat.

No one can appreciate that epic tragedy until he sees it again through the eyes of Caulaincourt and reexamines it in the light of his sober day-by-day commentary. In a sense this section, which is by far the largest part of the volume, is one long, sustained elaboration of his earlier analysis of Napoleon's character. Not that Caulaincourt was indifferent to the catastrophe that relentlessly overtook more than half a million tortured men and their wretched horses. The horror is all there—

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the confusion of the high command, the collapse of morale, the hunger, the cold, the putrefying bodies on the roads, the dashed hopes, the remorseless pursuit of terrifying death. But for Caulaincourt the major catastrophe centered about the Emperor. Temper it as he would, for this blunt, honest man almost revered Napoleon, his judgment of the campaign is as deadly and devastating an indictment of Napoleon as was ever framed. It is the catastrophe of illusion triumphing over reality. When a staff officer appealed to him early in the campaign with these words, "Your Majesty must be told the truth," and proceeded to do so, Caulaincourt remarks, "The Emperor paid no attention to these prudent observations." Again, before Borodino, his generals braved his anger, but, says Caulaincourt, "the Emperor listened to us, but since he always hoped to have on the morrow what escaped him that day he was led on and on despite himself." There was the same self-hypnosis at Moscow and during all of the retreat: "Clinging still to the idea that he was going into quarters the Emperor could not or would not show a trace of foresight."

The dramatic climax is reached in the endless conversations that these two men held when for thirteen days and nights alone in their sledge they fled across the continent to France and safety. "Never," said Napoleon, "had any man so long a tete-a-tete with his sovereign." To be sure, Napoleon did most of the talking, about himself, his life, his contemporaries, and his future—and Caulaincourt as soon as he had the chance recorded the words. These words reveal the Napoleon the world knows; above all they reveal the Napoleon that his aide knew so well—the Napoleon who "was always wanting to persuade someone." "In ten years' time," he maintained, "I shall be blessed as whole-heartedly as I am hated today." At least he was consistent. One set of illusions had lured him into the campaign. Now, barely escaped from the holocaust of his hopes, he was yielding to a new illusion. In Caulaincourt's words, "he had already fascinated himself."

LEO GERSHOY

Guide to Latin Manuscripts

Codices Latini Antiquores. A Palaeographical Guide to Latin Manuscripts Prior to the Ninth Century. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Clarendon Press. 50 shillings.

IT is not extravagant to say that the publication of this work marks a new era in the study of Latin paleography comparable to that which dawned for Latin epigraphy when the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum" appeared. Here for the first time the scholar finds assembled a brief but critical description of the fifteen hundred Latin manuscripts written before, or with any probability before, the year 800. In this first volume, a stately product of the Clarendon Press, the account of each book is accompanied by an excellent collotype reproduction of a characteristic section, or sections, of text and by a select bibliography including a list of facsimiles. The manuscripts walk up in turn, present their cards, their photographs, and a letter of recommendation from Dr. Lowe. One is glad to make their acquaintance, and learns much about each in short order.

A chronological arrangement of this mighty mass of manuscripts scattered about in various countries was wisely rejected by Dr. Lowe. Instead, he presents in turn the oldest books of certain geographical sections, ten in all. The Vatican City, a more than terrestrial center, makes an admirable starting-point. The library of the Basilica of St. Peter and the Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana contain some of the oldest existing codices of classical and ecclesiastical works, including some of the palimpsests discovered by Cardinal Angelo Mai, whose achievements were immortalized in a famous ode by Leopardi. Nor are its treasures limited to manuscripts of Italian origin. The volume is fittingly dedicated to the late Cardinal Ehrle, a paternal friend to Dr. Lowe—and to many another happy laborer in the vineyard of the Vatican—and it is a worthy memorial of him.

Although convinced by Dr. Lowe's reasons for abandoning a chronological arrangement of all his manuscripts, one might well find it advisable in the separate parts of the work. But not to discuss this point, we may be content with the amazing wealth of information here set forth within a tiny space. The sections chosen for reproduction are not taken haphazard. The act of selection is the last step in a long and loving study—*il lungo studio e il grande amore*—of each and every book. It is a painful act, to partake discreetly of these *cenae dubiae*. It involves the balancing of many possibilities, and a flesh-tearing renunciation of countless important aspects of a manuscript that the author would like to describe. For all that he has furnished investigators with many a fascinating clue.

It is needless to add that Dr. Lowe is an ideal person to push to a successful end the gigantic task that he has assumed. Born in the United States, he is familiar with the too little exploited store of manuscripts that our country contains. For many years a lecturer on paleography at Oxford, he has ready access to the libraries of the British Isles. A pupil of Ludwig Traube, he is a master of German method and conversant with the German collections. An intimate friend of Cardinal Ehrle and of his eminent successors at the Vatican Library, he has the keys to Italy, and by monumental publications has proved himself the foremost authority on Beneventan script. He has worked incessantly in the libraries of Spain and is a not unfamiliar figure in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. Few, if any, scholars alive have had so wide and intimate an acquaintance with the manuscripts of many countries.

To plan a work of such scope and to present the first instalment in so brief a time is little short of a triumph. The success is due not only to Dr. Lowe's unflagging energy, but also to the generosity and wisdom of the institutions that sponsor this undertaking in providing him with a goodly store of photographs and competent assistants in research and in securing for him that learned leisure which is the prime requisite for success in such a work. It is devoutly to be hoped that nothing will impede its further progress.

E. K. RAND

Recent Records

HISTORIANS of ancient Egypt tell us that at first the privileges of immortality were restricted to the Pharaohs; later, an ever-widening circle of priests and royal followers acquired the same benefits; and eventually, as the "democratization of Osirianism" progressed, it became possible for even very humble men to purchase a few magic scrips by which they might safeguard their destiny after death.

Similarly, in contemporary America, though we fellaheen cannot yet rejoice in the taking over of material wealth from the great commercial dynasts, we may at times profit by a partial democratization of spiritual goods. Thus—as regards the growing literature of phonograph records—we note how great orchestras, whose services were once purchasable only by the most privileged, have gradually extended their availability until now, in the form of discs, expert performers can be privately hired at a very modest outlay, a few hours of corvée on the highways of some lord or in the copying of documents in his counting house.

Among the newest releases (all the recordings mentioned this week are by Victor) probably the greatest convergence of mastery, as regards composition, performance, and recording,

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all three, is the Sibelius Symphony No. 2, in D Major, presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. In the total effect these eleven records put forward most persuasively the broad textural range of the composer and the emotional range that corresponds to it. There is, to be sure, more of ruggedness than of loveliness here—not even the slow movement taking us wholly into the realm of the gentle—but if you would "build up" symbolically, with the assistance of sounds architecturally distributed, you will find these records to your purpose. Koussevitzky has stressed the variety of the composer's effects without loss of continuity—in contrast with so many modern works, which continually seem to be starting all over again.

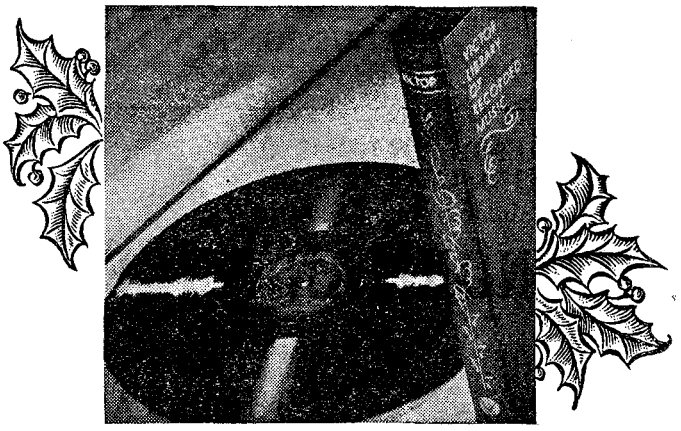
We admit that, in the abstract at least, we distrust too great reliance upon the appeal of volume in music; yet we cannot always successfully beat down an onslaught of sound when it is full upon us. With such commingling of resistance and surrender we follow the Mahler Symphony No. 2, in C Minor, which masses its attacks upon us until the very quakes and belchings of the earth seem implicated in its assertions. There are, to be sure, lulls in the symphonic struggle—even lulls which the composer didn't mean to put there—but such events as the dawn of "primeval light," so pleadingly heralded by the contralto in the fourth movement, are imposing; and toward the end of the fifth movement the excitement mounts until, as the vast chorus is topped by the riotous clanging of church bells, we get, if not the heroic, at least the gigantic. If you want such, sturdily conducted by Eugene Ormandy, we can commend this great enterprise to you.

We have remarked, of the Sibelius, that it contained more ruggedness than loveliness. The quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar," from the first act of "Fidelio," with its cuckoo-like theme, well supplies the deficiencies. Particularly the opening measures, sung by Erna Bergner alone (as Marzelline), are astoundingly clear and sweet, and suggest perhaps a *Wiegenlied*. For contrast—total contrast—we have on the reverse the "big scene" of Act II, where Florestan is killed in the dungeon by Don Pizarro, and the trumpet announcing the approach of the rescuers serves as does the liberating horn in "Ivanhoe"—an invigorating moment for all its operatic patness, though not nearly so dramatic in the opera as in the purely orchestral overtures. Also, the tensest moment of a drama is the one most likely to suffer by being given as a fragment, since it is most in need of the foregoing material that serves to prepare us for it.

As regards music in the idiom of the twenties and thereabouts, we think that a particularly fortunate selection is Honegger's Concertino for Piano and Orchestra, as played by Eunice Norton, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy; while an agreeable violin concerto in an earlier manner, on occasion making light sallies into sentiment, is the Wieniawski Concerto in D Minor, played by Heifetz, with the assistance of the London Philharmonic Orchestra under John Barbirolli. Composed by a famous virtuoso of the last century, with an orchestration that is there mainly to fill in for the violin, it offers many opportunities for brilliant technical display. And we should mention the Toccata in C Major (Op. 7) of Schumann and a Liszt transcription of his "Frühlingsnacht," as played by Josef Lhevinne. The record conveys the pianist's crisp treatment of these short pieces.

As Beethoven's Fourth Symphony is among the comparatively neglected, there is all the more reason for having the suave performance of this happy work by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Less given to picturesque outcroppings than to the amenities of the Pastoral Symphony, it is shown to possess *en revanche* an almost even constancy of flow.

KENNETH BURKE



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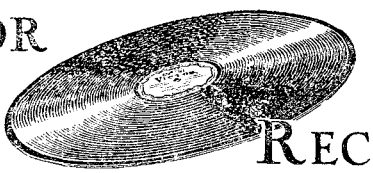

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

Crime Marches On. Morosco Theater. A play about radio. Considerably more noisy, extravagant and generally more goofy than the institution it satirizes.

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Mother. Civic Repertory. Elementary lesson in the principles of the class struggle more or less enlivened by "advanced stage methods."

Porgy & Bess. Alvin Theater. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride & Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

Remember The Day. National Theater. Touching and entertaining story of a boy who fell in love with his teacher. Unusually well acted and with enough humor to give it edge.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce. The result is distinctly exhilarating.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing.

Drama

Cat Fight

FROM plays in which George Kaufman has had a hand I always come away with the feeling that I must be an ungrateful wretch. Almost invariably I have passed a very agreeable evening, and almost invariably I continue to quote some of the choicer witticisms until at last the time comes—as it nearly always does—when it is impossible any longer to find anyone who has not seen the successful play. Yet I can seldom write about his latest offering with the enthusiasm which perhaps I ought to show. When one has said that it is tremendously clever and tremendously amusing one seems to have said all. The fact is too patent to need any demonstration, and there is nothing that any spectator is likely to miss. Mr. Kaufman knows too well how to make the most of his own qualities to need anyone's help in pointing them out, and there are in his works none of those hidden virtues which it is the critic's delight to reveal to that general public which, so he fondly hopes, is less percipient than he.

Thus it is in the case of "First Lady" at the Music Box. It seems that Katharine Dayton, who knows her Washington, conceived the idea of writing a play about one of those feminine feuds in official society certain of the reverberations from which often reach the public. Mr. Kaufman liked the idea too, and between them they concocted a tale about the beginning of a Presidential boom which would serve as a thread upon which to string a series of scenes between two ladies, each expert in the art of using her claws. There is little enough to the play except the cat fight about which it is built, but the fur flies continuously, and no more is necessary to supply two hours and a half of exhilarating combat. A writer as consistently successful as Mr. Kaufman usually gets a production at least as fine as money freely paid into a sure-fire investment can buy, and in this case that means a well-nigh perfect presentation. Jane Cowl, who has gradually made herself one of the most accomplished of our comedians, is the cat who fights on the side of the angels, and Lily Cahill, probably our most engaging as well as our most accomplished interpreter of the dumb yet deadly blonde, is the cat who scratches for the wrong side. All the cast is good, but Miss Cowl and Miss Cahill are really the show.

But let us return to the subject of Mr. Kaufman's wit which seems to need no interpretation or comment either because it is so good or because it lacks some overtone or resonance that would make comment or interpretation possible. The most obvious thing about it is, of course, the fact that it is not literary but colloquial. To compare it with, for example, the wit of S. N. Behrman is to perceive at once that while Mr. Behrman is part of a tradition of polite comedy that is pretty continuous from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher on, Mr. Kaufman breathes exclusively the air of Broadway and represents an apotheosis of the Broadway gag man. In itself that is, of course, nothing against him. Wit, like all other kinds of literature, often profits tremendously by drawing substance from non-literary sources. But if Mr. Kaufman sometimes transmutes the gag into the epigram he does not always do so, and there is too much dross in his gold.

Take, for purpose of comparison, three of the outstanding japes in "First Lady" and arrange them in what seems to me a descending order of merit. (1) Miss Cowl is supposed to be the granddaughter of a famous President. When a candidate for that office looks at a portrait of the great man and remarks, "I think I can fill his shoes," Miss Cowl replies,

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"Perhaps. But the other end of grandfather was more important." (2) One of the other female characters is called "the ten least-dressed women in Washington." (3) Of certain ladies too eager for presentation at court it is said, "Those three feathers are more important to them than to a fan dancer."

Now of course I do not know the degree of responsibility assumed by each of the two collaborators for these three jokes, but, as I said above, they seem to me to illustrate three levels of wit. Number one is first-rate. It not only sounds like wit, it is wit. It has the three qualities which wit demands—compression, unexpectedness, and a core of sound comment. Number two is distinctly more merely flashy, and Number three is plain rhinestone. Its theme is worn out; the comparison is more extravagant than pointed; it brings a laugh only because any mention of fan dancers is thought funny by the same persons who, in the heyday of vaudeville, used to laugh at any mention of dill pickles or cheese. In other words, it is a gag pure and simple, and as such neither better nor worse than those which hard-working hacks with a card index turn out daily for the radio comedians and the makers of Hollywood "shorts." To say this is not to say that "First Lady" is not an entertaining piece which will certainly, and for understandable reasons, be a tremendous success. However, it explains, perhaps, why I am more ready now than I was at the beginning of this discourse to forgive myself for not speaking with unrestrained enthusiasm.

Ernest Truex seldom gets a play really worthy of his real and ingratiating talents. "Whatever Goes Up" (Biltmore Theater) is no exception. It's about a cigar-store clerk who won a sweepstakes prize and who, of course, didn't get much fun out of it. The situations are perfectly routine, and though Mr. Truex makes it seem better than it is, it does not seem very good even at that. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

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